

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY THE DEAN OF YORK.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor. Hon.

CHAPTER I.

Infancy of Peel—Effects of Early Training—Instances of Firmness of Character when a Youth—Peel enters Parliament—Becomes Secretary for Ireland—Is elected for Oxford—Quarrels with O'Connell—Hostile Meeting prevented.

THE political career of the late Sir Robert Peel is so well known, and has been so often brought before the public eye, that it would be almost impertinent to offer any further illustration of it.

There are many anecdotes, however, of a domestic nature, which more clearly show the real character of so distinguished a person, and with which an intimacy of nearly fifty years will enable me to gratify general curiosity at this moment of deep sympathy for his fate.

Soon after Peel was born, his father, the first baronet, finding himself rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money in those peculiar days could always command a seat in Parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on the table, and say, "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that, before Robin was ten years old, he could really address the company with some degree of eloquence.

As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached. Little progress in effecting this was made, and little was expected at first; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was repeated almost *verbatim*.

When at a very distant day the senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in correct succession, it was little known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Peel when he was a boy at school; but he evinced at that early age the greatest desire for distinction. He was attentive to his studies, and anxious to realize his father's expectations. The most remarkable feature, however, of his character was a certain firmness of nerves which prevented him from ever being frightened or excited by anything.

I went with him and his father to look at an estate in Herefordshire, called Hampton Court, which Sir Robert thought of purchasing. We slept at the inn in Leominster. It was full of company, and only two bedrooms could be obtained. Young Peel was obliged to sleep on a sofa-bed, in a kind of cupboard attached to the principal room. Soon after he got to sleep, he was awakened by a

light, and saw a man standing by his couch with a drawn sword. The man being questioned, bade him not to be alarmed, for that he would not hurt him, but that a freemason's meeting was being held in the next room, and that he was placed there to prevent any intruders from breaking in upon their ceremonies. Mr. Peel turned round, and went instantly to sleep again. I asked him if he had not been frightened? He said, "No—that he was surprised at first, but did not suppose the man would do him any harm."

On inquiry from the waiter in the morning, we learnt that the armed man had remained three hours in the room where the fearless youth was soundly and calmly sleeping.

On another occasion, I went with him and a party of relations to visit the Lakes. We crossed from Lancaster over the dangerous sands to Ulverstone. Some accident had delayed us at starting, and when we got about half-way over, it was evident that the tide was returning. All the party were much and reasonably alarmed, except young Peel, who sat upon the box with me. After looking about some time with much coolness, he remarked to the drivers, that the nearer they went to the shore the more loose and deep was the sand, and the greater the difficulty of proceeding to the horses; but that if they would go boldly a little way into the sea, where the sand was hard and firm, we should proceed with greater speed. By following this judicious advice from the youngest of the party, we escaped a considerable danger.

This self-command, or imperturbability, which showed itself in many other instances in the boy, became a peculiar characteristic of the man.

I never knew him to be in the least excited by anything but once, and that was at the death of Mr. Percival. He (Mr. Peel) had assisted to secure the murderer; he had supported the head of his dying friend, whom he greatly admired and loved; and when he came out of the House of Commons his face was certainly flushed, and some emotion shown; but less than would probably have been shown by any other person under such powerful excitement.

Soon after Mr. Peel was of age he came into Parliament as member for an Irish borough, (I think for Tralee.) Mr. Quintin Dick, who had an all-powerful interest in that borough, had, by some irregularity, become incapacitated from representing an Irish constituency, but was seeking to come into Parliament for some English borough. Sir Robert gave him great assistance—possibly with his purse—and in return Mr. Dick contrived so to influence the free and independent electors of Tralee, that they elected Mr. Peel to be their representative.

While sitting as member for that borough, Mr. Peel made his first much-admired speech in seconding the address, which speech his father heard from the gallery, with tears, not certainly excited by grief.

Mr. Peel went over shortly afterwards as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and while there the Parliament was dissolved, and with it his connexion with Tralee.

We looked for some other seat, and a gentleman, whose name I forget, offered to sell Sir Robert a number of houses in Chippenham, to the tenants of which the right of voting for members of Parliament was by burgage-tenure confined.

The bargain was, that the property should be conveyed to Sir Robert for a large sum, but that if at the end of six months he should be dissatisfied with his purchase, the seller should repurchase it for a smaller sum.

All of which was luckily done, for soon afterwards the Reform Bill made the old houses valueless.

In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Peel was under no necessity of coming from Ireland; but I went as his deputy to Chippenham, heard him elected without opposition, and gave a dinner to his faithful friends, and when Parliament met Mr. Peel took his seat accordingly.

Thus did he sit in Parliament during two sessions for places which he never saw in his life, and the inhabitants of which never saw him.

Such things are, I suppose, impossible in the present age of purity.

Before the connexion between Mr. Peel and Chippenham was at an end, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Oxford University. Mr. Canning had long fixed his eye upon that seat in Parliament, and had been often flattered with the hope of being agreeable to the electors; but his noble and self-sacrificing vote in favor of the Roman Catholics had alienated from him many of his first supporters. At a fortunate moment, the members of Christ Church, being assembled to determine what candidate they should espouse, Mr. Lloyd, who had been Peel's private tutor, pressed upon them the dangers to the Protestant religion which would ensue, if a body of clergymen should elect a favorer of Roman Catholics. The electors of Christ Church, who are supposed almost to command the return of one member, were moved by the reasoning of Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Peel was invited to offer himself as member for the university, being assured of the support of the influential college of Christ Church.

I well remember the glee with which Mr. Peel came to my house early one morning to show me the letter which he had received by express, announcing the welcome news, and ensuring to him a prize which was then the object of his highest hope.

We went together to his father, who was as much delighted as his son, and promised to supply money to any amount which might be wanted in completing the triumph. We soon found, however, that money was the last thing needed.

Whatever may be the case, or may have been the case elsewhere, the members for either university are really chosen for their talents and acquirements and not for their wealth. They are chosen (how great the honor!) by a body of gentlemen whom all the gold of California would not influence.

Peel, at the moment of his election, though a rising character, was of less political weight than his distinguished opponent. His election was plainly disinterested—how much more disinterested his subsequent rejection—which must always confer the highest honor on the university. When leader of the House of Commons, with powerful influence in the disposal of mitres, deaneries, and livings, a body of clergymen, not blind to his power of serving them, yet refused to support him any longer, because they thought that he had endangered the

Church, in defence of which all private views were overlooked.

After his first election for Oxford, Peel went again to Ireland, and when there he had a political quarrel with the famous Mr. O'Connell, which ended in a challenge. But as Mr. O'Connell was already bound to keep the peace in Ireland, it was settled that the hostile party should meet in France. Peel got immediately into a small vessel and sailed for the Continent. He had a narrow escape of being lost in the Channel, having been exposed, in a small and ill-appointed ship, to a severe gale of wind. Mr. O'Connell, in the mean time, was again interrupted by the interference of the police, and prevented following to France. He was bound over to keep the peace for one year against all his majesty's subjects everywhere. So that, after waiting ten or twelve days in no very pleasing suspense, Peel, and his friend Col. Browne, came to Drayton, and the affair was forgotten. Long afterwards, Sir Robert and I went with our families to Brighton; while there, Sir Robert received an anonymous letter, which I have preserved. It appears to have been written by a female hand, and was as follows:—

Dublin, May 24, 1817.

SIR—Mr. O'Connell is now in England; he is to appear in the Court of King's Bench the first day of next term, and move to be discharged from his recognizance. If he shall succeed in his motion, he will proceed to the Continent; and when he has arrived there, your son will receive an intimation that he will wait for him to give him the satisfaction he formerly demanded.

There is every reason to be assured that this statement is perfectly correct. It is communicated to you by one who admires the conduct of your son in the transaction, and who would shield him from harm, with a view to prevent a meeting which can scarcely fail to prove fatal to one or both the parties if it shall take place; by one who is excluded from the chief benefits of the constitution, by

A CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN.

Sir Robert Peel, Bart., &c. &c.

Upon receipt of this letter, Sir Robert insisted that we should instantly set off for London; and by his desire I went to Sir John Becket, then under-secretary of state for the Home Department, and pressed him to have both the combatants again interrupted.

The next day Peel was arrested and taken before the chief justice of the King's Bench at Westminster Hall, where I was sent for to become his bail. Mr. O'Connell was also arrested, and once more bound over to keep the peace. The friends of both parties now interfering, the quarrel was declared to be at an end.

I do not think that Peel ever knew that his father was the cause of his detention.

CHAPTER II.

Upright character of Peel exhibited in his Letters to the Dean of York.

While Peel was Secretary for Ireland, I asked him to give a very trifling situation, nominally in his gift, to a worthy person for whom I felt an interest. He wrote me word that he was really anxious to oblige me in this matter, but that a nobleman of much parliamentary interest, who supported the government, insisted upon his right to dispose of all patronage in his own neighborhood. So anxious was Peel to show his good-will towards me, that he prevailed upon the lord-lieutenant to

ask as a favor from the aforesaid nobleman that the situation might be given to my nominee; but the marquis replied, that the situation was of no value, yet, to prevent a dangerous precedent, he must refuse the application.

In times long after, when Sir Robert Peel became prime minister, I asked him often in the course of many years for situations for my sons, which situations were vacant and in his immediate gift. I subjoin three letters which I received from him on these subjects; they were written after long intervals and at different periods, but they all speak the same language:—

Whitehall, December 20 (no date of year.)

MY DEAR DEAN OF YORK—I thank you for your consideration of what you deem the unrequited sacrifice which I make in the public service. But I beg to say, that my chief consolation and reward is the consciousness that my exertions are disinterested—that I have considered official patronage as a public trust, to be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or to the less praiseworthy, but still necessary, purpose of promoting the general interests of the government. That patronage is so wholly inadequate to meet the fair claims of a public nature that are daily presented for my consideration, and that constitute the chief torment of office, that I can only overcome the difficulties connected with the distribution by the utmost forbearance as to deriving any personal advantage from it. If I had absolute control over the appointment to which you refer, I should apply it to the satisfaction of one or other of the engagements into which I entered when I formed the government, and which (from the absolute want of means) remain unfulfilled. But I have informed the numerous parties who have applied to me on the subject of that appointment, that I feel it to be my duty, on account of the present condition of the board and the functions they have to perform, to select for it some experienced man of business connected with the naval profession, or some man distinguished in that profession.

Believe me, my dear Dean,
Affectionately yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

I applied again for another place of less importance; the answer was much as before.

Whitehall, April 5, 1843.

MY DEAR DEAN OF YORK—I must dispose of the appointment to which you refer upon the same principle on which I have uniformly disposed of every appointment of a similar nature.

I do not consider patronage of this kind (and, indeed, I may truly say it of all patronage) as the means of gratifying private wishes of any one. Those who have made locally great sacrifices and great exertions for the maintenance of the political cause which they espouse, have always been considered fairly entitled to be consulted in respect to the disposal of local patronage, and would justly complain if, in order to promote the interests of a relative of my own, I were to disregard their recommendations. It would subject me to great personal embarrassment, and be a complete departure from the rule to which I have always adhered.

All patronage of all descriptions, so far from being of the least advantage personally to a minister, involves him in nothing but embarrassment.

Ever affectionately yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

I publish one more letter of the same kind, because all these letters exhibit the character of the writer, and contain matters of some public interest. The distributor of stamps died in the very place

where my son was resident, and where he and I had exerted considerable interest in assisting the government members. I thought that now, perhaps, an exception might be made to the general rule, and I confidently recommended my eldest son for the vacancy. The following was the answer:—

Whitehall, May 1.

MY DEAR DEAN—Whatever arrangements may be made with respect to the office of distributor of stamps, lately held by Mr. —, I do not feel myself justified in appropriating to myself any share of the local patronage of a county with which I have not the remotest connection by property, or any other local tie.

There are three members for the county of — who support the government; and, in addition to the applications which I shall no doubt have from them, I have already received recommendations from the Duke of — and Earl —, each having certainly better claims than I have personally for local appointments in the county of —.

I feel it quite impossible to make so complete a departure from the principles on which I have invariably acted, and which I feel to be nothing more than consistent with common justice, as to take —shire offices for my own private purposes.

Very faithfully yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

These letters show the noble principle on which Sir Robert's public life was founded. I am quite sure that he had a great regard for my sons. He invited them to his shooting quarters, was pleased to find them amusement, and made them many handsome presents; but he steadily refused to enrich them out of the public purse merely because they were his nephews. Many prime ministers have not been so scrupulous.

CHAPTER III.

Owen of Lanark, and his Visit to Drayton—Peel an Example of True Piety.

While Peel was also in Ireland, we received many visits at Drayton from the somewhat notorious Mr. Owen, of Lanark. Sir Robert had brought a bill into Parliament for shortening the hours of labor in the cotton factories. (This was the first legislative interference between masters and their workmen, which has since led to so many long debates.) Mr. Owen, expressing great anxiety for the further progress of this measure, came frequently to Drayton, and remained there many days.

Peel, hearing of the circumstance, wrote to his father, saying that he had cause to believe that Mr. Owen had strange opinions concerning religion, and was not an eligible companion for Sir Robert's children. The baronet hereupon asked Owen to tell him truly if he were a Christian. The answer which he received induced him to point out to Mr. Owen that his services could be no longer useful in furthering the parliamentary object, and that he would not detain him any longer at Drayton. A second letter came from Peel, stating that he had been told that Owen's great object, like Voltaire's, was to overturn the Christian religion, to which he pretended to ascribe the unhappiness of mankind; that he (Peel) humbly, but earnestly, pressed upon his father, that by giving so much countenance to such a man, he might be assisting in the unhallowed scheme, and fostering infidelity.

Owen, however, was gone, and no more thought about him for some time. But a few days afterwards, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a

carriage was seen approaching, and in it the well-known face of the pseudo-philosopher.

Sir Robert, however, coinciding in opinion entirely with his son, from whom he had received a third remonstrance, rose from table, desired the servant to keep Mr. Owen's carriage at the door, met his visitor in the drawing-room, and, expressing sorrow that Drayton House was full of company, declined the honor of receiving Mr. Owen. The renovator of human happiness was obliged to depart *impransus* and little pleased.

We saw no more of him.

This gentleman, as is well known, established many societies, in which men were taught to live together having all things in common, and in which human nature was to be perfected by its natural virtues—where there should be no thought of any God, and no need of any religion. These societies, formed only by a vain man's purse, were soon dissolved when that purse refused a further supply. I know not if Mr. Owen be still alive, but if he is, and should see this memoir, he may possibly remember that I told him more than thirty years ago that all his schemes would end in disappointment; that to establish a permanent society without any religion was impracticable, since no such society ever did, or ever will, exist. Various have been the modes in which various bodies of men have thought fit to worship the Invisible God, but a common belief in some power superior to man is the necessary cement of every permanent association. I told him that without such cement he would find, as he has found, that all societies soon fall to pieces.

Now, in direct contrast to Mr. Owen and all his empty sophisms, how striking, how refreshing is the example of Mr. Peel! His letters show his zeal for religion, and his confident faith in revelation. These letters, too, are written with so much warmth as to prove that his heart was in the cause.

The public know how devoted he was to the service of his country and of his sovereign, but they do not know how much more devoted he was to the service of his God. This they can only learn from those who watched him attentively in private life, for there was no ostentation in his piety.

It is principally for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the fact that the late Sir Robert Peel was really a true, conscientious disciple of Jesus Christ, that this memoir is published—for great may be the value of such an example. We know, from the highest authority, that it is difficult for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; but we learn from the present instance that it is not impossible. We see around us numbers of young men born to wealth and honors, yet slaves to vice, and banishing all thoughts of hereafter from their minds. But this man was so early convinced, from the first dawn of intelligence, of the paramount importance of religion, that the fear of God was really the beginning of his wisdom. That first impression of piety engraven by his excellent parents on the infant heart was never eradicated by the seductions of prosperity, dissipation, or ambition. Hence let the young and ardent learn that there is something more worthy of pursuit than wealth or fame—hence let all parents learn the value of early instruction, when the heart is most susceptible, and the memory most retentive.

No one was more conscious than the late Sir Robert Peel of the high ground on which he stood,

or of the peculiar advantages under which he had come into the world; but his constant thoughts were fixed on Him who had given him so many blessings.

When the strangers came to visit Hezekiah, he showed them the house of his precious things, his silver, and his gold, and all that was found in his house. He took delight in showing these fine things, but he thought not of the God who gave him all. He rendered not again to God (says the sacred penman, with dignified simplicity) according to the benefit done unto him, for his heart was puffed up.

Sir Robert also showed the house of his precious things, and his splendor and his fine taste in the arts, to the many who came to admire them; but, far from forgetting his mighty benefactor, he led every Sabbath day his numerous visitors to the parish church, and had no pleasure so great as in expressing gratitude to God.

Such an example of true piety did the life of the late Sir Robert Peel afford. How awful the lesson taught by his death!

He fell like a flash of lightning before us, by which the eye could not help being attracted, on which our thoughts could not help being fixed. What useless cruelty, says the worldly sceptic, did the Supreme Governor exhibit in taking so excellent a man from the enjoyment of every luxury and of every gratification! How kind, says the humble Christian, in the Omnipotent, who, after trying what was in the heart of his worshipper, and finding that he was pure and holy and grateful, and fitted for immortality, removed him to a higher and more enduring state of bliss!

How kind, also, to make his death so conspicuous and universally exciting that it might interfere with the excesses of thoughtless revelry, arrest the career of vice, and contribute, probably, to the salvation of many human souls! Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God! Of Him and through Him are all things—to Him be glory forever. Amen!

CHAPTER IV.

Peel takes Lutworth Castle—Judicious Treatment of a Poacher—Peel's Fondness for Shooting—Dissuades his Father from asking for a Peerage—Letter from the Bishop of Oxford to Peel.

In the year 1822, Mr. Peel was the tenant of Lutworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. It had been taken by Mr. Baring on a lease from Mr. Weld; but Mr. Baring going out to sea one evening, to enjoy the pleasure of swimming in the vast ocean, was seized with cramp, and sank to rise no more. His widow fled from the ill-fated place, and Mr. Peel took the lease off her hands. Here he spent all his leisure time, enjoying the extraordinary beauty of the situation, and the abundance of field sports. I went out shooting with him one day in the wildest part of the domain. A partridge, flying rather high, was shot; but ere it reached the ground, a hawk from behind our heads darted upon the bird, and carried it off before our eyes. We saw it with its prey at an immense distance, and very high in the air, showing the great power of its wings. I had heard of hawks in similar manner attending upon sportsmen, with the expectation of sharing in the sport, but never saw it exemplified before.

Lord Eldon lived near Lutworth, and had accepted an invitation to come and shoot with us on a given day. We anticipated great pleasure in having as a brother-sportsman in familiar intercourse

so distinguished a character; but, *dis aliter*—the day was rainy, and an excuse came instead of the chancellor, to our great disappointment.

The gamekeeper reported one morning that he had tracked a poacher into a neighboring cottage, and thought that he could bring home the offence to him. Peel told him to leave the matter to him, and soon afterwards rode to the cottage, when he asked the supposed culprit if Mr. Weld had not been extremely kind to him, helping him in illness, and supporting his wife and children when in distress. The culprit answered, "Yes." "Now," said Peel, "you must know that the abundance of game on the estate is the circumstance which enables Mr. Weld always to obtain a tenant for his house at a large rent. The diminution of the game might occasion to him a serious loss. I hope, therefore, that you and all the many poor men around, to whom he has been a constant and active friend, will, in return for his many charities, do your best to prevent all poaching, which is, in fact, the only way in which you can show your gratitude." The man confessed that he had been sometimes engaged in such evil pursuits, but promised to abstain in future. *Credat Judeus!*

It was wise in Peel to avoid all hostile proceedings. Mr. Weld, being a Roman Catholic, had surrounded his hereditary mansion with persons of similar faith, and any trifling subject of irritation might have excited in that neighborhood a considerable animosity to the well-known opponent of the Roman Catholic claims.

Peel afterwards took a house and manor in Norfolk, where he had capital sport. To the amusement of shooting he was always very partial from his boyish days, and the strong exercise which he took every autumn in pursuit of grouse, partridges, and pheasants, enabled him to bear the unhealthy atmosphere of the House of Commons through many a session.

About this time there was a rumor that the first Sir Robert Peel was likely to be made a peer. It was hinted to him that his long support of Lord Liverpool's government, and his position in the kingdom, authorized him to ask for a peerage, and insured the request being granted.

His eldest son strongly and ardently opposed this project; he had (as one of the newspapers lately said) planted himself in the House of Commons, and desired there, and only there, to flourish. Nothing would have given him greater pain than to have seen his aged father elevated to the House of Lords, where he would have been obliged shortly to follow.

In consequence of this determined opposition, Sir Robert Peel gave up all thoughts of asking for a peerage—which appeared to me the only unjust act, or rather omission, of which he was ever guilty. He sacrificed to the ambition of one child the interests of the other eight. If he had been made a peer, the younger children would all have been raised in the ranks of society by the title of "honourables,"—an empty sound, it may be said, but as much valued as any other vanity which men pursue.

During the year 1827 there was a great complaint made in and about York of the want of a University, where the sons of the northern gentry might be educated without the long journeys which they were now obliged to undertake, and without the heavy expenses attendant on a college life in Oxford or Cambridge. The dean and chapter, listening to this complaint, meditated to establish the

much-desired university at York, and Mr. Brougham having some trust-money to dispose of for any public purpose, proposed to make some grant of money to assist in carrying out the plan. As our funds, however, were not very ample, I wrote to Mr. Peel to inquire if the government would be inclined to aid the projected establishment by granting salaries to professors of various denominations—in short, would approve and patronize the scheme. Peel referred the plan to his constituents at Oxford, and afterwards sent me the report made by his friend the bishop.

The letter, still preserved, was as follows:—

MY DEAR PEEL—You may remember a correspondence I had with you some time ago on the subject of the alleged want of room in our universities. I stated to you at that time the inconvenience which would, in my opinion, ensue if the generality of the colleges in Oxford were to enlarge their precincts in consequence of what appeared to me to be merely a temporary demand; and I remember adding, that if there were really such a want of accommodation, and that want likely to be permanent, I thought, after all, that a third university would be a better remedy than the other. But I do not believe that the demand exceeds the supply; that is, I do not believe that any individual who has been anxious to give his son an academical education has been prevented from so doing by the impossibility of being admitted. Supposing, therefore, that the remedy is not absolutely necessary, (for such necessity would preclude all argument,) I think that there are many very solid objections against a third university. An academical education does not, after all, consist in the quantity of Greek and Latin, mathematics, or the sciences, there acquired. These may be gained as well in York as in Oxford. But that communication of ideas which results from the union of large masses of men, united together in the same studies, and in the same place—that knowledge of life and of men which is the result of the union of men drawn from every class of society, and from every portion of the British empire, will be much diminished, if not lost, by the increase of the number of our universities. What advantage will the men of the north get by herding together at York, compared with the advantages which the same men would derive at Oxford or Cambridge, from a more enlarged society?

The Bishop of St. David's has just opened the College of Lampeter for the Welsh clergy. The College of St. Bees, in the north, educates a large part of the clergy of the dioceses of York, Chester, and Carlisle, and the result is, that all those clergy will be men full of nothing but local habits and prejudices, little fitted for life, if they should be called by circumstances into a more remote sphere of action.

I pass on now to the plan you sent me. * * * York is to have the power of granting degrees on the same footing with ours, so that a B.A. of York is to be admitted M.A. at Oxford with the same facility as a B.A. of Cambridge or Dublin. * * * Now, whether the opinion of Oxford men generally would be as strong as mine on the subject of a third university, I really cannot pretend to say: but I think I may venture to say, boldly, that neither Oxford, Cambridge, nor Dublin would consent at once to grant to a new university the same privileges which they have conferred upon each other. * * *

Believe me, my dear Peel,
Most sincerely yours,
C. O.

Cuddesdon, Oct. 5, 1827.

In consequence of this very sensible letter, Peel declined to lay the subject before the cabinet, and the scheme was given up. It was soon afterwards, however, adopted by our richer brethren at Durham, whose experience has, I think, shown the justice

of the bishop's remarks. The establishment at Durham is a college, and not a university. I hope that it may grow into greater importance.

CHAPTER V.

Retirement of Peel from Office—Declines to join the Canning Administration—Letters from Peel on the Catholic Question to the Dean of York and the Bishop of Limerick.

When Lord Liverpool's administration came to an end, Mr. Canning was selected by George IV. to form a new one, as prime minister. I called at Whitehall on the day when Peel had announced to Canning his determination to retire from office, and not to be a member of the new cabinet. Peel explained to me his reasons for this step, which were principally the opposite views between him and Canning as to the Roman Catholics. "We could not sit," he said, "in the same cabinet without continual jarring upon that important subject—he anxious to bring forward the measure, and I to prevent it. It is better for Canning at once to form an administration of persons who agree with him, and to leave out those who conscientiously differ from him."

Soon after this conversation, I met an intimate friend and colleague of Mr. Canning, who lamented to me that Peel could not be prevailed on to join that gentleman. I told him what Peel had said to me respecting the Catholic question. "But," said he, "if that be the only difficulty, I know that Canning has determined not to bring forward any bill for the relief of the Catholics. He has pledged himself to let the matter sleep for the present."

Pleased with this account, I returned to Whitehall. Unhappily, Peel had gone out. I pursued him to the Duke of Wellington's. He had been there, but was gone. I sought anxiously, but could not find him. I returned to his house, and waited till I was obliged to return home to fulfil an engagement of my own. I left, however, a note (as it appeared) ill-expressed, saying, "I have a communication to make to you from Canning relative to your joining him. I will call in the evening."

Shortly after I got home, a special messenger brought me a somewhat angry answer, stating, "that Peel much regretted that I had interfered between him and Canning; that it was impossible for me to know his exact feelings, and that he was fearful of my compromising him in some way or other. He begged that I would break off all negotiation—that he was going out, and should not be at home in the evening."

Peel was always, as in the present instance, extremely sensitive about any one, even his best and warmest friend, giving him advice, or interfering in any way in his affairs. His plans and intentions were buried in his own breast, and never communicated to any one before their execution. He had such confidence in his own judgment, and such reliance upon the official information which he collected, that he thought it useless for any one to offer him counsel.

Peel told me afterwards that if he had known, what I subsequently assured him of, that Canning would have engaged to *cushion* the Catholic question—

"If I had been assured of this," said he, "before Canning connected himself with men with whom I cannot act, I should probably have joined him; for the Catholic question was, in fact, the only thing which kept us asunder."

Now, let the reader pause to consider what great events often follow from little causes.

If I had found Peel at home on that important day, it is probable—I do not say certain—but it is probable that the long-ruling Tory party might have been again united, and consolidated with impregnable strength; the Whigs might never have gained a footing in the government; the Reform Bill might never have passed; and all other supposable differences, from what has happened, might have happened.

Let us rest satisfied, however, always, that whatever is, is best.

But after all this, must it not be thought surprising that Peel himself brought in the bill for emancipating the Catholics?

Canning, who was through life their champion, and who suffered so much for speaking in their behalf, attempted to do them no active service; while Peel, their constant adversary, and who had benefited so much by opposing them, granted them all they asked for.

It was certainly strange; but still, not without reasonable cause. On this point, however, I will let Peel speak for himself.

Well knowing that his father always disapproved of any concessions being made to the Roman Catholics, and that he had constantly encouraged him in his opposition to them, as soon as he had determined upon taking the decisive step, he wrote to me to explain the reasons which had influenced him, and to endeavor to reconcile his father to the proposal. His letter, with its enclosure, (containing a copy of what he had previously written to the Bishop of Limerick,) lies before me, and was as follows:—

Whitehall, Feb. 22, 1829.

MY DEAR COCKBURN—However deeply convinced I am that the course which I have taken is the only course which I could have taken either with safety to this country or to myself, as a responsible minister of the crown, I need not say how painful it is to me to find my views so opposed to those of my father.

A minister of the crown may have information which others have not, and which he cannot with safety disclose; and I must say for myself that I have been acting under a very decided, though no doubt a very painful, conviction that I could not honestly advise the king—either to let matters remain in the disgraceful state in which they have been for the last ten years—or to reestablish the penal laws. There is no other course if the Catholic question is not to be settled.

I enclose a letter, which some days since I wrote to the Bishop of Limerick. Surely the facts noticed in that letter are facts which responsible ministers must reflect upon. Surely we must calculate on the consequences of war. We must look to the example of other times.

In 1792 the Irish Catholic petition was absolutely rejected with scorn by the English government and the Irish House of Commons. The Irish House of Commons refused to let the petition of the Catholics lie on the table.

In 1793, Mr. Pitt being at the head of the government, and in the height of his power, war is declared by France.

What were the results? Why, that same House of Commons which treated a petition with scorn in 1792, passed in the very next session, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt—that hasty, ill-considered measure, by which the Irish Catholics got everything they now possess.

How different is the state of circumstances now! Four different Houses of Commons, elected in four successive parliaments, have decided in favor of the

Catholic claims. Suppose England were involved in foreign difficulties, is there a chance that permanent resistance to their claims could be offered?

I sent my letter to the Bishop of Limerick, to a clergyman who was opposed to my views, and I have this morning got his answer.

Ever most affectionately yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

MR. PEEL TO THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

Whitehall, February 8, 1829.

MY DEAR LORD—I beg to assure you, with perfect sincerity, that no opinions that you can express to me, and no course of public conduct that you may feel yourself called on to take, can diminish the gratification which I shall have in hearing your sentiments, and still less my unaffected respect for your unblemished name and great acquirements.

I am the last person to express surprise that you apprehend danger from concession to the Roman Catholics, but I entreat you dispassionately to consider the facts I am about to recall to your notice—the prospect which there is of being enabled to maintain permanent resistance to concession, and the danger that concession may be forced upon us under circumstances much more unfavorable than the present. In the first place, there has been a division between the House of Lords and the House of Commons on this subject, that has now endured sixteen years. Secondly, it has been found necessary, in carrying on the government of the country for the last twenty-five years, not to exclude from the counsels of the king such men as Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Melville, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning. Their exclusion from the government in times of pressing difficulty was impossible. Their admission into it produced disunion in the cabinet, and tended to advance Roman Catholic interests. Their inability immediately to carry their views into effect, made them probably more decided in their language as to the necessity of ultimately adopting those views.

Thirdly. The opinions of the young men who are now entering into public life, and who are likely to distinguish themselves, are, with scarcely an exception, if with one, in favor of an adjustment of the question.

Fourthly. In the course of the last six months, England being at peace with the whole world, we had five sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining the peace and police duties in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force, much worse than open rebellion.

Fifthly. There has been established an intimate union between the Roman Catholic laity and the Roman Catholic priesthood. In consequence of that union the representation of the counties of Waterford, Monaghan, Clare, and Louth have been wrested from the hands of the natural aristocracy of those counties; and if the present state of things is to continue, if parties in Parliament are to remain so nicely balanced that each can paralyze the other—that one can prevent concessions—the other can prevent, restrain, and control, we must make up our minds to see sixty or seventy Radicals sent from Ireland when a general election shall take place.

Sixthly. The state of society in Ireland will soon become perfectly incompatible with trial by jury in any political cases. The Roman Catholics have discovered their strength in respect to the elective franchise. Let us beware that we do not teach them how easy it will be to paralyze the government and the law, unless we are prepared to substitute some other system of criminal jurisprudence for the present system. If this be the state of things at present, let me implore you to consider what would be the condition of England in the event of war. Would an English Parliament tolerate for one moment a state of things

in Ireland which would compel the appropriation of half her military force to protect, or rather to control, that exposed part of the empire? Can we forget, in reviewing the history of Ireland, what happened in 1782?—what happened in 1783? It is easy to blame the concessions which were then made, but they were not made without an intimate conviction of their absolute necessity, in order to prevent greater dangers.

My firm impression is, that unless an united government takes the whole condition of Ireland into its consideration, and attempts to settle the Catholic question, we must be prepared for the necessity of settling it at some future period, in a manner neither safe to Protestant establishments, nor consistent with the dignity of the crown of England.

Remove the differences as to civil disabilities, and, I think, the Protestant mind will be united against Popery in a ten times greater degree than it is at present. Excuse the haste in which I am obliged to write on a subject of such vast importance.

Believe me, my dear Lord,
Very faithfully yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

The Lord Bishop of Limerick.

The bill in favor of the Catholics having passed, Peel came to Drayton, and his father told him that the reasons assigned in the letter to the Bishop of Limerick had satisfied him that the measure was necessary; "but," he added, "Robert, the bill should never have been brought in by you—you certainly should have resigned."

Peel answered, that as soon as he had recommended the measure to the king, he had tendered his own resignation of office, but that the king refused to accept it.

I afterwards heard that the king said, that since Peel had thought fit officially to press so important a change upon him, Peel ought himself publicly to justify the step. The minister is said to have pressed upon the king, that it would hurt his feelings to stand up in opposition to so many old friends, and to propose a concession to which his whole political life had been opposed.

"You can estimate," his majesty is reputed to have answered, "your own feelings, but you seem to have little consideration for mine. I am advised, and almost forced to give my sanction to a law of which my father, my brother York, and myself have conscientiously disapproved; and, after pressing this step upon me, will you throw the responsibility upon others? No!" the king might certainly have said, "I will not consent to the measure being brought forward at all, unless you, who have advised it, shall manfully defend the advice you have given."

If this conversation really took place, Peel could have found no good answer to make to the king, and must have been fairly driven to take that honorable course which we know he did take in manfully bringing forward the measure himself, and sacrificing his private feelings to a sense of public duty.

Thus, then, by a strange combination of circumstances, was a measure carried in both houses of Parliament through the influence of Peel with the party opposing, which, perhaps, no other minister could have accomplished; and after 300 years of struggles, persecutions, imprisonments, and deaths, the Roman Catholics were restored to all those civil rights which they possessed when Henry VIII. was defender of their faith.

Many good consequences and many evil consequences were predicted to follow this measure—neither of which have taken place. It has pro-

duced but little effect for good or for evil. Upon the whole, perhaps, it has strengthened the Church of England, because it has removed a reasonable complaint, and furnished arguments against further concessions.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Peel and Mr. Simeon—Anecdote.

Mr. Peel was hereupon, as is well known, rejected from being member for Oxford; but not long afterwards, his brother, Mr. William Yates Peel, became a candidate to represent the sister university; and in that object he was successful principally through the assistance of the famous Mr. Simeon, of King's College.

I went to Cambridge to give my little aid to the cause. The poll-books showed that the issue was very doubtful, as much was known to depend upon the side which Simeon might adopt. Mr. William Peel being ill, Colonel Peel and I went to canvass Simeon, when he said that he had not quite determined how to act; that he admired the eldest brother, the right honorable secretary, and greatly approved his public conduct respecting matters of religious legislation; but that he (Simeon) had heard that Mr. Peel's brother frequented Newmarket, and kept race-horses. "Now," said Simeon, "I cannot be quite satisfied to have a sporting man the representative of our university." Colonel Peel said, he hoped that his wickedness, if wickedness it was, might not be visited upon his innocent brother; that he was the person who amused himself on the turf, but that his brother, the candidate, never had a race-horse in his life.

Simeon said, with a polite bow, "I really beg pardon, sir, for having unintentionally given you a slap in the face, not knowing who you were; but I will return you the satisfaction of knowing that you have removed from my mind the only objection which I had to Mr. William Peel. I have ascertained that he conducted himself in the most exemplary manner while resident at St. John's, and hoping that he agrees with his illustrious brother on religious subjects, I will certainly support him; and will write this very evening to many friends in the country who may possibly be induced to attend to my recommendation."

Simeon kept his word—and the consequence was that we received promises of support from at least fifty fresh voters, and the election was secure.

Thus it appears that the same conduct on the part of the right hon. brother which lost one university gained the other.

Who can foretell what the consequences of any action will be? It is sufficient that we do our duty.

Simeon never appeared to me to be a man of much talent or learning; but he was an eloquent preacher, with a strong and melodious voice. He was, also, I doubt not, a really good man, completely convinced of the truth of the doctrines which he taught, and honest in pursuit of proselytes. By persevering steadily through life in the same course, he became at length the leader and guide of a larger number of followers than any clergyman of the Church of England ever collected, except, perhaps, John Wesley. No person since Simeon's time has appeared anxious to follow in his footsteps, or desirous of forming a large band of fellow-worshippers who should bow to his opinion in all things. I wonder that it has not been oftener attempted, since such deference is most grateful to the subtle pride that lurks in the heart of man.

CHAPTER VII.

The first Sir Robert Peel's Opinion on Paper Currency—His Letter on the Subject.

There are some other matters connected with Peel's well-known public life which became domestic anecdotes, in consequence of the lively interest which his father took in them, and the many discussions which they occasioned in the home circle.

The first Sir Robert had grown rich, and had seen Manchester and Bury, and all the neighboring towns, extending and flourishing in the highest prosperity during the reign of one-pound notes. He imputed to this ample paper currency a great part of the happiness of the empire. His maxim was that all commercial gain depended upon the return cargoes, as our imports are called. "Suppose," said he, "that a merchant buys cotton goods for 100*l.*, and sells them at Petersburg for 70*l.*, you would say that he was a loser, and so he would be if he brought back the money; but if he bought with the 70*l.* a quantity of cheap tallow, which in the high-priced country of England fetched 150*l.*, here would be sufficient gain, and this would vary according to the quantity of money in circulation."

Impressed with this idea, Sir Robert strongly remonstrated against the many attacks which were made upon his favorite theory by his favorite son. He repeatedly pointed out, that in calling in, *suddenly*, these paper moneys to which we had been so long accustomed, and in which we had so much confidence, a great change would take place in the value of all property, and a shock be given to commerce. So when the panic came in 1825, and the country was really in great distress, he imputed all the mischief to his son not following his advice. At that alarming moment, too, the people were generally of Sir Robert's opinion, condemning the forced return to a metallic currency. But Peel had long studied in the school of Horner, and being convinced that the course which he was pursuing would ultimately contribute to the public benefit, he could not be turned from his purpose.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis—
Mente quatit solida.

The old baronet never altered his opinion while he lived. As late as the year 1826, I have a letter from him in which the subject is alluded to.

That letter so completely speaks the kindness of that benevolent heart—the most benevolent that ever beat in human breast—that I indulge myself by publishing the whole of it.

MY DEAR COCKBURN—Before your letter arrived, I had promised myself a better account of the health of dear Eliza, in consequence of your visit to the sea, than your report gave. I expect you all in your way to Sidmouth, and then you may arrange James' journey to Cambridge, and allow me to contribute to the expense of that part of his education. You will make Drayton your resting-place, and we will do our best to comfort our dear invalid. The papers say much of an improvement in commercial distress; but my correct information does not banish depression. If the chancellor and Lord Liverpool had stated in their places, that *want of a circulating medium* adapted to the necessities of the country, and not excessive trading, had occasioned our distress, they would not have misled the country and aggravated our misfortune. Make my best love to the boys, and believe me, affectionately, yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Drayton, Aug. 22, 1826.

There are still some old persons who sigh after one-pound notes, and grumble at the shackles on trade imposed by a restricted currency; but the complaint is nearly worn out. Indeed, the late discoveries of precious metals in various parts of the world lead to an opposite apprehension, namely, that the value of all real property will again be materially affected by the running over of the Bank coffers and the too abundant supply of gold. If money should become so plentiful that only 2 per cent. could be got for permanent loans, rich capitalists would fly to invest their surplus cash in the fallen funds. The Consols would get up to 120, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would, with smiling face, propose to pay them off, or would lower the interest to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or ultimately to 2 per cent. What a complete confusion then in the value of jointures, mortgages, leases, and annuities! Oh, from too much gold may Providence protect us!—Strange prayer! How strange would it, indeed, appear to old Sir Robert, if he could revive and behold this dreaded return of the golden age.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peel's Motives for advocating Free Trade—Ecclesiastical Commission.

Another important step taken by the late premier brought upon him the opposition of almost all his relatives. I allude to his advocacy of *free trade*. Although approving the measure myself, as taught in his father's school, I ventured to point out to him that, by his bringing forward the bill, he would lose the friendship of many good men whom he valued; that he would be called a traitor by his party, and that the fame which, as a political leader, he had acquired, would be sadly tarnished. He made this characteristic reply:—"I have been a long while in making up my mind on this subject. I long thought that free trade was unwise and injurious; but, after a serious and unprejudiced investigation, gathering information from many quarters inaccessible to any but to a minister of the crown, I am convinced that the happiness—perhaps the existence—of thousands and tens of thousands depend upon having a free interchange of the necessities of life. Can I allow any consideration of consequences which may or may not happen to an individual to have the slightest weight in determining a matter of such universal interest? *Ruat cælum!*"

Here, again, we see that firm determination to pursue the course of which he approved, in despite of every opposition, which marked his whole character through life.

Sir Robert Peel, with respect to the two most important laws which he caused to be enacted, turned completely back from the line which he had strenuously defended. He turned against himself. But this very circumstance (strange as it is to affirm) much increased the public confidence in him. "Here is a man," they said, "*integer vita*. We may always safely follow him; for if experience tells him that he is leading us wrong, he will instantly turn back. We see clearly that he is always disinterested and true in all he says and all he does, and no consideration for his own fame or character, no fear of the displeasure of friends or foes, will induce him to swerve from the path of duty. He goes backwards or forwards only as the interests of his country seem to lead him." These tergiversations (acknowledged by Sir Robert) to a less tried patriot would have been a disgrace. They were a crown of honor to one whose head was already beyond the reach of suspicion.

It is amusing to see the absolutely opposite consequences already ascribed to this enactment of free trade by persons who still differ in opinion concerning its ultimate effect. At a meeting of Protectionists, every speaker alarms us with accounts of ruin and destruction which overhang our country. Impoverished landlords, starving laborers, trembling tradesmen, fill up society. But go to a Cobdenite assemblage, and there you will be told that, in consequence of free trade, every interest is looking up, poor-houses are tenantless, peace and plenty crown the land, *et soles melius nitent*. Neither party intend to deceive, but the orators travel about the country and assiduously seek for some few facts favorable to their theory, and from these few facts draw general conclusions.

The Grand Exhibition of 1851 is intended as a garland for the brow of free trade; but its votaries look to it not without apprehensions. It is a noble conception, originating in a lofty mind. Its motto should be the song which angels sung, too sacred for me to quote, but not too sacred to be used when nations meet together in harmony and love.

I mention one more of the late premier's acts, the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, because it had something of a domestic origin. Lord Henley, Sir Robert's brother-in-law, was the first suggester of the propriety of inquiring concerning Church property. He published a little volume, showing the unjust distribution which prevailed of such property, and the facility with which its value might be increased. Sir Robert perused this book with much attention, talked of it on many occasions, and obtained from me an accurate account of the management of our cathedral property. He became easily convinced, as is obvious to almost every one, that the leasing by fines, as customary among all clerical bodies, is the most unwise mode of raising a present income, or even of robbing posterity. The tenant of such leases never improves the estate—nay, prevents all improvement, lest the fine should be increased at the next renewal. Thus the land gets from bad to worse, till it is scarcely worth having. Sir Robert considered these things maturely, made many minute inquiries, and became satisfied that, under better management, there was sufficient ecclesiastical property in the kingdom to allow 300*l.* a year for every living, without materially interfering with the revenues of the bishops.

Hence arose the Ecclesiastical Commission, which Sir Robert established, with the one, simple, pure, and charitable object of benefiting the poorer clergy. How those commissioners have fulfilled the duty imposed upon them, it becomes not me to inquire; but now that the commission is new-modelled, I confidently expect that it will realize all the benefits which Sir Robert expected from it.

I am quite convinced that the property of the Dean, and Dean and Chapter of York, (independent of the prebendal revenues,) might be made worth 20,000*l.* a year. Upon an average of fifty years they have not received 6000*l.* a year. How many small livings might the difference augment! And if all ecclesiastical property be under similar circumstances, what immense sums might be receivable from such a source!

Some persons suppose that the lessees receive the benefit of this great difference. But it is not so. The constant deterioration of the property prevents any one from having the benefit which better management might, and will, produce.

Neither let it be thought that the clergy and their

lessees are alone interested in this question. Greatly would the public benefit by having in every part of the country a respectable resident clergyman with a competent income, exercising charity, and exhorting to similar acts. In a more worldly view, consider also how much more human food could be procured from many thousands of acres, when drained and fenced and richly cultivated, than can now be expected from rough commons, donkey pastures, and rabbit warrens, which constitute the general character of chapter lands.

If it be desirable, as it certainly is desirable, to increase domestic produce, and to become less dependent upon foreign nations for the necessities of life, it is to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners we must look for the most extensive assistance in our efforts to increase the produce of our land.

CHAPTER IX.

Will of the first Sir Robert Peel—His Death—Tribute to his Memory—Remarkable Sagacity of the old Baronet—His Opinion of Insurance Offices—Unostentatious Character—Anecdote of his Early Life as related by himself.

The first Sir Robert Peel had many years ago determined on a scale by which he would distribute his great wealth among his children—and his will was made accordingly.

A little while before his death a person by chance made a remark to him which occasioned him to reflect upon his will, and to remember that though he had left specific legacies therein, he had said nothing about the residue, which might be of some importance. A codicil, or new will, was therefore made, whereby the residue was ordered to be divided among the sons only, and that the eldest should have four times as much as any other. I have some reason to believe that this arrangement put 200,000*l.* into the pocket of our lamented friend—and this happened by chance.

What is Chance?

The reader must answer the question for himself. To attempt a reply would impose upon me the necessity of a disquisition which he will readily spare. I may, perhaps, be excused, however, for remarking that the mighty Ruler of the universe might possibly have interfered to try what was in the heart of Peel, as he tried what was in the heart of Hezekiah, by giving him precious things, silver and gold—or possibly he might have bestowed this additional wealth upon him because he knew that it would be used in employing, civilizing, and instructing the poor.

The old baronet died in May, 1830. His son announced the event to me in the following feeling language:—

MY DEAR COCKBURN—I cannot doubt that the sad intelligence which met us on our arrival here last night has already reached you. My father breathed his last about half-past five yesterday, and the loss of life was so easy that it was difficult to determine the moment when it took place.

He told Lawrence shortly before his death that he was quite happy in his mind; and it is a consolation to think that death was never accompanied with less of suffering, mental or bodily.

Give my kindest regards to your boys, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

May 4, 1830.

And here let me be forgiven if I offer a tribute of respect to the memory of that good old man.

He had the clearest head and the warmest heart of any one whom I have met with in the world. To him we owe, in fact, the celebrity of his son. If Philip had not lived, Alexander would not have conquered the world; and William Pitt would not have been prime minister at twenty-four years of age, if he had not had Chatham's example before him. To the wise instruction and paternal solicitude of the first Sir Robert Peel I ascribe the success of the second.

In all the common concerns of life the father exhibited the clearest judgment, and never seemed to make a mistake. "How is it," I asked him one day, "that you never insure any of your numerous buildings; fires are constantly taking place among the factories, but you persevere in not insuring?" He said, "I long ago ascertained that where the insurance offices charge 2*s.* 6*d.*, government lay on 5*s.* But out of the 2*s.* 6*d.*, upon an average of numerous cases of many years, the offices gain 6*d.*, or one fifth. The risk is therefore covered for 2*s.*, whereas the insurer pays 7*s.* 6*d.* Having ascertained these facts, I said to my partners, instead of paying 7*s.* 6*d.*, for what is really worth but 2*s.*, let us put by the money every year which we should pay for insurance, and in fact become our own insurance company.

"Now, our workmen, knowing that we are not insured, are more careful about fire, and the proprietors daily inspect the premises to see that all is safe. In fact, in thirty years we have had such few casualties from fire that our insurance fund has increased to a great amount."

Similar proofs of his remarkable sagacity occurred every day. But it was not for the shrewdness of his intellect that I mourned his loss, but because he was friendly, hospitable, kind, and ever ready to serve those who needed his services.

He was sometimes blamed for not living in a more expensive style, proportionate to his great income. But he lived in moderate splendor, not for the sake of saving money, but because grandeur was troublesome and uncongenial to his nature; and, moreover, because he often said that if he accustomed his children to a superfluous display of wealth, they would think the comfortable competence that he should leave them a sad state of degradation.

"I wish them," he said, "to live so with me, as they may live without me, and thus to be happy by not feeling any deprivation of present enjoyment when I am gone."

What good sense is manifest in this sentiment!

What a fine example for those who have large incomes and also many children!

One more anecdote of old Sir Robert, and I have done. Methinks I hear the reader say, "What a succession of gossiping tales is this memoir composed of!"

I plead guilty; yet I must indulge myself by telling one more short story which I have heard my old friend himself tell with much glee.

"When I was a lad," he said, "two of my brothers and I were invited to visit a friend in London. Having but little money, we determined to walk from Lancashire. A bundle or carpet-bag contained the baggage of all the party. We agreed to carry it in turns, but being rather heavy, it soon became more troublesome to the bearer than all his bank-notes.

"When we came to the first town, my brother's pride revolted against being seen by a number of persons carrying a bag on the shoulder. I instantly

proposed that I should carry the bag through the towns, and they alternately through the country. To this they gladly agreed, and as I knew that the distance through all the towns could not be five miles, while each of them had 100 miles of toil, I was content that they should save their dignity, (such as it was,) and that I should save my labor."

Farewell, old friend! you lived a happy life through fourscore years, succeeding in all your pursuits, and meriting all your success. It will be long ere we look on you like again.

CHAPTER X.

Sir Robert Peel comes into Possession of a vast Property—Rebuilds Drayton Manor-House—History of the Old Mansion—House-Warming—Reasons for considering Drayton Manor-House a Mistake.

The second Sir Robert Peel came into possession of immense revenues on the death of his father, and his first step was to pull down the house which his father had partly built, and to erect a more stately mansion.

That old manor-house afforded many historical recollections. It was originally built by the first Devereux, Earl of Essex, who married Lettice Knowles, the first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and the most beautiful woman of her day, rivalling the attractions of her aunt, Anne Boleyn. Lord Essex sold Drayton Manor to Lord Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth; and upon the death of the former lord in Ireland, the latter married the beautiful widow, and settled the domain upon her. Here Queen Elizabeth often visited her favorite and her beautiful cousin. In a few years, Lord Leicester finished his remarkable career, and Lettice Knowles, taking to herself a third husband in the person of Sir Walter Blount, reared up the son whom she bore to Lord Essex at Drayton Manor. This was the unfortunate nobleman who, trusting too much to the partiality of his queen and cousin, brought his head and that of his father-in-law to the block.

He, however, left a son, and Lettice Knowles, now a third time a widow, reared up this, her grandson, at Drayton Manor.

This third Earl of Essex, being offended with James I. for robbing him of his betrothed wife, joined the party in opposition to the court, and willingly availed himself of the offer made by the Parliament to lead their armies against the sovereign. From Drayton Manor he is supposed to have gone to command at Edgehill, and to that house he constantly returned during the civil war. He died childless, and the title became extinct. But Lettice Knowles still lived on, and exercised hospitality in the great hall at Drayton, till extreme old age—not dying before the time of William III.

When the first Sir Robert Peel purchased the estate, he pulled down the old house, except the venerated hall, in front of which he built a square brick house, of little architectural beauty, but very comfortable and commodious. His son and successor levelled all to the ground, and, effacing every memorial of Lettice Knowles, erected a splendid palace on the spot in the style which prevailed in her young days.

This mansion, the most perfect of its kind, exhibits to all admiring eyes what wealth can effect when guided by the highest and most exquisite taste, but what wealth alone should never attempt.

When the new house was finished, and the furniture nearly completed, Sir Robert invited all his near relations to spend a week with him by way of house-warming. There was assembled on that

occasion Lord and Lady Henley, Sir Joseph and Lady Fuller, the Dowager Lady Floyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Peel, Mr. and Mrs. John Peel, General Yates, the Dean of York and Mrs. Cockburn, Miss Fuller, Miss Peel, Mr. Edmund Peel the younger, Mr. Robert Cockburn, and some other of the nephews.

The party spent a pleasant week together, amid splendid hospitality; and on the last day, being Sunday, Sir Robert proposed that such as chose should go with him and his wife to Drayton Church and receive the sacrament. Nearly all went.

This was a beautiful sight—to see so many attached friends, brothers and sisters, parents and children, kneeling round the holy table of communion, and petitioning with one heart and voice to share the benefits of Christ's passion.

So—and so well—ended the festivity of Drayton house-warming.

That house is certainly the finest specimen of taste and talents that I ever beheld or can imagine; but still I am, I hope, not impertinent in calling it a mistake. When Smirke was building it, he showed me his drawings and his plans. I said to him, "You are ruining Sir Robert's grandson—no estate can long bear the expense of so immense a fabric." Smirke said, "That Sir Robert had ample funds, and that he desired to have so large a building. It is my duty only to carry out his wishes."

But let us consider the matter maturely.

I have often seen the rent-roll of the first baronet, and his stock-book, but I forget the precise particulars. I fancy that he died worth 60,000*l.* a year. But he left more than 20,000*l.* a year to his younger children.

Suppose, then, that the last Sir Robert had 40,000*l.* a year. He, also, as lately appeared by his published will, left 20,000*l.* a year away from his heir.

Suppose, again, that there were some savings and accumulations, and that the present heir has 25,000*l.* a year. If he marries, as he most probably will, and has a family, he must again give, perhaps, 10,000*l.* a year among his younger children, and thus once more diminish the inheritance. The reader will understand that I give these figures merely to illustrate my argument, but without knowing anything of the facts. I merely mean to show that there is almost a necessity for every family estate to decrease, unless you throw the younger children on the parish, or unless some tradesman or miser gets into possession.

Look at Blenheim, Castle Howard, Stowe, Chatsworth, and a hundred other large mansions. Their owners cannot keep up the state of their grandsires. The very window-tax is a burden to them.

The first Sir Robert said, "I have built a house in which a man may have twenty guests to dine and sleep as often as he likes, and in which he may spend the largest income possible. Champagne and Burgundy may be quaffed in these rooms as well as in larger saloons. But this is, also, a house where a man of moderate means, if such should be among my descendants, may find himself extremely comfortable, and not overburdened with servants and taxes."

Some future Sir Robert Peel may think, perhaps, that the founder of his baronetage had more worldly wisdom than some of his successors. Be that as it may, the present edifice is, at this moment, perfect in every way—full of the choicest

specimens of art, and most worthy to attract the eyes of every passer-by. Here, however, let me again presume to comfort the tenants of more lowly habitations, by assuring them that the owner of a show-house is not an object of unmixed envy. If he shuts his house against the public, and refuses access to strangers, he is called a churlish Nabal, an opposer of the progress of the public taste, a selfish tyrant, and every other opprobrious denomination. If, on the other hand, he opens his doors to all passers-by, as he probably will do—for the pleasure of possessing fine things is principally in showing them; no lady would covet a diamond necklace if she were obliged to keep it always in a box—if, then, the possessor of Drayton Manor-House admit the many eager sight-seers, he will find himself and family driven about from room to room, and never enjoying peace. His house will be like Ben Lomond—delightful to the traveller, enchanting to the tourist, but no eligible place of constant residence.

Thus let every poor and envious mortal know that there are drawbacks to all human enjoyments. There is something bad in every good—and something good in every evil.

Give us, kind Providence, this day our daily bread. All else beneath the sun is vanity and deceit.

The room at Drayton Manor which the crowd will most desire to see is the new gallery, in which are portraits (large as life) of the most celebrated contemporaries of the late premier, particularly of those distinguished persons who were members of his administration. These are all men advanced in life, and a few years will make this collection a memorial only of excellence past away.

The dead body of the founder was laid in useless state, on the day of the funeral, at the door of this gallery. It seemed to say to those within—"I have escaped from among you, but as I led you in the busy scenes of life, I lead you now in tranquil hope to heaven."

CHAPTER XI.

Peel becomes the *Mecænas* of the Age—Uncommunicative in Society—His Letter to the Dean of York in reference to the "New System of Geology," by the latter.

Sir Robert, having finished both his town and country-house, now became the *Mecænas* of the age, in addition to his other high titles. He was the friend and patron of all men of learning and talents; whoever distinguished himself in any art or science was a welcome guest at his table. Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Lawrence, Chantry, and many others known to fame, were proud to be received by him, and he was always most proud to receive them.

He was sometimes accused of being dull and uncommunicative in society; but this generally proceeded from his mind being so much occupied with important objects, that the common topics of conversation excited no interest, and could not draw him from himself. On returning once from Norfolk, he stopped to dine with his brother, Colonel Peel, at Newmarket. The conversation, as may be imagined, about weights and riders, and honest and dishonest jockeys, did not much interest the right honorable visitor. But, by way of introducing a discussion in which he might take a part, he remarked to a gentleman opposite, "That the contests then raging in Spain and Portugal would

much affect the interests of all Europe." One of the company called out, "Sir Robert, I will bet you a pony—the two fillies against the two horses." The baronet had no pony to stake, and did not clearly understand what fillies were meant. He, therefore, declined the bet, and declined, also, all attempts at further conversation.

This was certainly rather an extreme case; but something similar happened in every company. Sir Robert, as a minister, could not communicate his thoughts on matters of public interest, and conversation on other subjects was seldom interesting to him or his guests.

Sir Robert, however, employed whatever leisure he could command to investigate the discoveries of this all-discovering age. He corresponded readily upon all topics of scientific research, and applied his powerful mind, with all the ardor of youth, to enable him to understand the most difficult problems, or the most abstruse subjects.

The reader will, I trust, forgive me for laying before him a letter which I lately received from Sir Robert a few days after I had sent him a little publication on a question of geology. The letter is far, very far, from being complimentary to me, and I may, therefore, hope to be more easily excused, if I introduce it, merely in proof of the readiness with which Sir Robert wrote on every subject submitted to his notice:

MY DEAR DEAN—I have no wish to enter into a controversy upon subjects to which I have not given that mature consideration which alone can qualify a man to pronounce very positive opinions. I have been content to adopt generally the conclusions to which the most eminent men of all countries have gradually arrived, after unremitting inquiry and profound reflection; first, from deference to their authority; and, secondly, from the belief that those conclusions are more in harmony with admitted facts, and the logical inferences from those facts, than any other.

You ask me, as an act of friendship, to read your "New System of Geology," and particularly the last two pages of it, and to send or to procure for you some rational answer to those two pages.

I have read your publication, and, in complying with your further wish that I should send you some answer to your arguments, must assure you that I am speaking for myself alone, prompted much less by zeal in the cause than by unwillingness to withhold a reply, which would be in your estimation an act of friendship.

I must leave it to the professors of the science whom you have addressed collectively through the medium of Professor Sedgwick, to determine for themselves whether they, or any of them, will accept your challenge.

Adverting, then, especially to the two last pages of your publication, which profess to contain the summary of your arguments, I must own to you that you have failed altogether to make any impression on my mind in favor of your conclusions.

I find in the two pages a great many assumptions briefly and emphatically conveyed in the phrases, "must have been," and "must be," and, with the exception of the first, "that stones containing the fossil remains of sea-fish must once have been at the bottom of the ocean," there is not one that may not be denied or contested as being completely gratuitous. You assert, for instance, "that land plants, and animals, and birds mixed with the fish, must have been brought by currents of water into the sea, and, if they floated into the sea, they would also float upon the sea."

I not only find no proof of either of these assump-

tions, but I deny the supposed necessity in each case. In the first place, the land plants and animals might have been deposited on the land, upon the surface, or in the strata in which they are found; and that land might have been submerged, either by the gradual depression of the land, or the rising of the sea above its accustomed level. In the second place, it does not follow that the remains of animal or vegetable life, or inorganic matter brought into the sea, floated into it by currents of water, would necessarily float upon the sea.

Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentes Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpisque raptus et pecus et domus
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clanore vicinæque silvæ
Cum fera diluvius quietos
Irritat amnes.

The lapides stirpis raptus, pecus, domi, that floated into the sea by the violence of the current, would certainly not float upon the sea, after their escape from that influence which had for a time counteracted the force of gravity—nay, the river cum pace delabens in medio alveo, the Ganges, or the Mississippi, will daily bring, in the quietest time, millions of tons of suspended matter which, sinking after their discharge into the ocean, will form bars at the mouth of rivers, or form the bed of the sea for many a square mile beyond the mouth.

You say again, that, at the time of the deluge, "volcanic eruptions must have thrown up stones above the surface of the water," which stones, in descending, would carry down the floating things delivered by currents of water. Surely these volcanic eruptions, at the time of the deluge, are gratuitous assumptions.

What is the authority for them? The breaking up of the fountains of the deep does not necessarily imply that those were volcanic eruptions.

I confess to you I have read nothing more wild in the dreams of geology than your land animals of all sizes, from a megatherium to a mouse, floated into the sea by currents of water, floating upon the sea afterwards as a matter of course, until they were severally knocked on the head by a stone discharged from a submarine volcano, and sunk to the bottom in friendly connection with the stone, by the force of gravity. If this be true, I will presume to offer no opposite theory, but content myself with exclaiming with Ephraim Jenkinson, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "The world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain."

But, apart from objections to specific assumptions on your part, I think your theory wholly insufficient to account for the phenomena that are observed in every part of the globe, being the slow product, some of chemical, others of mechanical, agencies. Take a coal-field, for example, presenting fifty or sixty different strata of coal, extending horizontally, or at an equal angle of inclination, over a widely extended region—with evident indications of a vegetable origin for each—these strata separated from each other by strata of a totally different character—each like the coal of an almost unvarying thickness, and each distinguished from the other by some peculiarity in its structure or the organic remains imbedded in it.

I cannot reconcile such facts as these, or a thousand others of the same kind, with the conclusion to which you have arrived, "That there has only been one great convulsion which altered the condition of the world, and left it as it is."

Believe me, my dear Dean,

Very affectionately yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

When I had made my comments upon this long and obliging letter, Sir Robert informed me that he had not time to write more on the subject, but that we would discuss it when we met.

Alas! alas! we never met again!

CHAPTER XII.

The Funeral—Private Character of Peel.

The funeral was very splendid. Oh, idle vanity, how opposed to sober reason! Can anything be more irrational than to decorate a cold and senseless body with velvet and gold, and to carry it with mocking plumes to the damp and mouldering tomb? Absurd as it is, the custom is so universal of paying unnecessary honors to the dead, that we must trace its origin in the deep recesses of the human heart. The Nile runs through a street of splendid tombs; the ancient poets tell of funeral games; our barbarous ancestors, who lived ere history begun, have left memorials of themselves in the huge stone coffins which defy the tooth of time. The Romans decorated their graves with beautiful sculpture, and, when poverty prevented other gifts, they gave their tears to the beloved dead. Without the walls of York we discover the Roman burial-ground; and in one poor coffin of stone lately dug up I have seen a bottle containing some transparent liquid, which, when shaken, emits phosphoric sparks. The phosphorus shows its former connection with the human body—it was a bottle of tears. This in some measure explains a passage in the Psalms, (lvi. 8.) "Put thy tears into my bottle,"—that is, weep for my death. It exhibits, also, the most simple and natural mode of showing affection for the dead. But, in some mode or other, it appears that regret was and is always shown by the living to departed friends, by some act which, the more unnecessary, is thought to be the greater proof of affection. Thus, the rich man lavishes his wealth in superfluous display; and even the pauper contrives to make a little feast on the day when his beloved child is carried to the tomb. In vain we reason against such idle ostentation or such ill-spended waste; the broken heart hears not the arguments of philosophy nor the suggestions of economy. Man is more a creature of impulse than of rationality; and while human nature is alive to the strong emotions of love and affection, splendid funerals will sometimes be, though few perhaps so splendid as the funeral of Sir Robert Peel.

It may be expected that, in concluding such a memoir of a decidedly great man, some account of his private character should be given by one who knew him so long and so well. Sir Robert Peel was a pious Christian, a firm believer in revealed religion, scrupulously attending public worship and encouraging private prayer. He was exemplary in all domestic duties, a dutiful son, a kind husband, an indulgent father; brave, gentle, placable, honorable, true; and all these in the highest degree. Had he, then, no faults! Nothing in this world is perfect; but the faults of Sir Robert Peel were the almost necessary consequence of his position in the world. He was cold, unfriendly, proud (no wonder!) He was selfish—no, not selfish, as coveting the blessings of others, but he seemed doomed to live by himself and for himself. His great talents, his extensive learning, his immense wealth, his high station, raised him above the common race of mortals. He stood like a statue on the top of a lofty column, for men to gaze at but not approach.

Dido says, that the remembrance of her own sorrows made her assist the sorrowful. Sir Robert had no sorrows to remember. His career was uninterrupted prosperity. Married to a lovely woman, with whom he lived in sweet affection—parent of a numerous family, all of whom he saw grown up in comfort and respectability—himself enjoying constant and unusual health, and every blessing which wealth and honor could give, he seemed separated by fate from the cares and troubles of mortality.

Goldsmith, in describing an amiable man, says that

His pity gave ere charity began.

The very contrary was the case with Sir Robert Peel. He gave from a sense of duty, not from feeling. The head dictated, not the heart.

Sir Robert built churches, endowed schools, gave money to hospitals, joined all public subscriptions.

Reason and revelation both assure us, that such donations, produced by genuine Christian charity, are far more beneficial to society than the mere ebullitions of pity; but such donations proceeding from no sympathy, they excite no sympathy. They fill no eyes with tears of gratitude, no mouth with shouts of praise. Thus stood this great and good man, alone amidst an astonished crowd, surrounded by many followers but few friends—universally admired, but rarely loved.

From the Quarterly Review.

History of Greece. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq.
Vols. vii. and viii. 1850.*

EVERY reader of history knows those solemn pauses which from time to time interrupt the course of events, and leave a breathing space both to the actors and narrators to look back over the period they have traversed. Such an epoch is furnished by the close of the Peloponnesian war, where we parted company with Mr. Grote in our number for last March. It is not merely that the long struggle between the contending states is brought to an end, but that the eminent men who have borne their part in it are themselves called away from the scene. It is the "Morte of heroes," which in fiction shapes itself into the beautiful legends of Regillus, of Roncesvalles, and of Avalon; but of which history also furnishes examples, not the less poetical from their truth. Every one of the great statesmen of Athens had passed away by the close of the fifth century before the Christian era; and not the statesmen only, but the great poets also, whose career had run parallel to the tragedy of actual life, more heart-stirring even than the scenes which they themselves had portrayed. Euripides—whose description of the yet unbroken peace and beauty of the plains of Attica marks the beginning of the war, as the allusion by his great rival to the ravages of the hostile spear in every part except the sacred olive-grove marks its close—had already met a fate stranger than that of his own Pentheus in the hunting-grounds of his royal patron in Macedonia. Sophocles in the fulness of years had been called away from the midst of his labors and his honors by an end as peaceful and as glorious as that of his own Colonean Œdipus. One man there still remained to close this funeral pro-

cession—he whose death alone of all the characters of Greek history is an epoch in the history not only of Greece but of the world.

All Greek historians avail themselves of the pause which we have just indicated to dwell on the career of Socrates. And well they may. For, with the mention of that name we seem to pass at once from the student's chamber into the walks of every-day life. He, and he alone, of all characters of Grecian history, finds a place in the Fathers of Christian, as well as in the moralists of Pagan, antiquity; in the proverbs of modern Europe, as well as in the oracles of classical Greece. Yet, familiar as the life of Socrates seems to be, we cannot help feeling that before the publication of Mr. Grote's last volumes it was comparatively unknown. On the other great careers which were closed within this period modern experience throws its usual light. Even in the very year which is now passing there are not wanting events which recall unbidden the life or death of some of those eminent men whom Athens mourned in her hour of need. The long and serene old age of the venerable poet who sleeps under the yews of Grasmere churchyard suggests, by no unworthy association, the gentle close of the life of Sophocles. The void left by the death of Pericles may be realized, though imperfectly, by the national mourning over the great statesman, who, through the same period of forty years' public service, had won his way to that peculiar eminence which now remains unattained. But with Socrates it is otherwise. A life and character in its main points so singular, and so remote from modern associations, can be reproduced by no ordinary effort of historical imagination. This is our apology for again entering so soon on the field of Mr. Grote's labors, and introducing our readers as best we can to the chapter which in originality of conception and excellence of execution will generally be hailed as the masterpiece of his work.

To enter upon the whole extent of the career of Socrates and of its effects on after ages, would be to open more questions than our limits allow. To exhibit him in his aspect as the "parens philosophiæ," to represent the relation in which he stood to the speculations of his own and subsequent times, would lead us too far away from the period on which we have taken our stand, and could be fitly discussed only when Mr. Grote has finished those chapters on Plato and Aristotle without which the whole subject is essentially incomplete. But there is already before us the simpler and humbler aspect of the position of Socrates as a man—as a living, historical character at the close of the Peloponnesian war—and to this we propose to confine ourselves. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Grote's exposition of his philosophy, there can, we think, be no question of the light thrown in these volumes upon his life; and we will venture to claim for such an historical representation of his life an importance greater than that which is commonly ascribed to it. Even with respect to the two great disciples of Socrates, we feel that we have never been confronted as we might have been with the actual men themselves, if we would rightly understand, we will not say their abstract speculations, but at least the outward form in which those speculations clothed themselves. How little do we ordinarily realize the hostile position which Plato took up against the whole framework of Athenian society—that position which awakened in Niebuhr an almost personal dislike against him as "a thor-

* A good edition of this work, in 10 volumes, at 75 cents each, is now in course of publication by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

oughly bad citizen," and which gives a direct practical bias even to his most ideal theories. How little do we think of Aristotle as the tutor of the Macedonian prince, as belonging to the time when Athenian freedom had expired, and the age of criticism was creeping over the whole face of the intellectual world in advances parallel with those by which the sway of Alexander extended itself over the world of Grecian politics. How much of the outward differences between the animated dialogues of the one and the calm treatises of the other would be illustrated by their respective positions in Greek society; how much of the otherwise unaccountable misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the earlier by the later philosopher would be explained by an attentive consideration of the difference between the stirring age of Isocrates and Demosthenes which witnessed the career of Plato, and the chilling though tranquillizing effect of the Macedonian empire which sheltered the rise of Aristotle. And if the contemplation of their history is necessary to the appreciation of their philosophy, much more is it in the case of their great master, whose career is far more intimately interwoven with the interests of his time, and who lived in a time when those interests were far more lively than at any later period.

It is not in the public course of Greek events that Socrates is most familiar to us. Yet for that very reason there is a peculiar interest in first approaching him, as in a purely historical point of view we must approach him, on the larger and more complex sphere of war and politics, which forms the chief topic of Grecian history. And every student knows the gratification of meeting such characters at moments where one least expects to find them, especially (as in this case) on occasions which illustrate and call forth some of their most remarkable qualities. It is the surprise of encountering a friend in a strange country—it is the instruction of seeing a character which we have long known and admired in private put to a public test, and coming through the trial triumphantly. In the winter campaign at Potidæa, when the Athenian army was struck down by the severity of the Thracian frosts, we start with a thrill of pleasure as we recognize in the one soldier, whose spirits and strength continued unbroken by the hardships of that northern climate, the iron frame and constitution of the great philosopher. We survey with renewed interest the confused flight from the field of Delium, when we remember that from that flight the youthful Xenophon was borne away on the broad shoulders of his illustrious friend. In the trial of the ten generals—but Mr. Grote must relate for himself the most memorable incident of that exciting drama—when

the Prytanes were so intimidated by the incensed manifestations of the assembly, that all of them, except one, relinquished their opposition and agreed to put the question. That single obstinate Prytanis, whose refusal no menace could subdue, was a man whose name we read with peculiar interest, and in whom an impregnable adherence to law and duty was only one amongst many titles to honor. It was the philosopher Sokratēs—on this trying occasion, once throughout a life of seventy years discharging a political office among the fifty senators taken by lot from the tribe Antiochia.

Once, or it may be twice, again was he allowed to exhibit to the world that most touching and instructive of historical lessons—a good man, not in the vehemence of political excitement, but in the

simple performance of his duty, setting at defiance unjust or tyrannical enactments. We must transport ourselves to the Athenian Reign of Terror, the domination of the thirty tyrants, after the oligarchical revolution of Lysander. Here again Mr. Grote must show how forcibly the situation of affairs illustrates and is illustrated by the character of Socrates.

Pursuant to their general plan of implicating unwilling citizens in their misdeeds, the Thirty sent for five citizens to the tholos or government-house, and ordered them, with terrible menaces, to cross over to Salamis, and bring back Leon as prisoner. Four out of the five obeyed: the fifth was the philosopher Sokratēs, who refused all concurrence, and returned to his own house, while the other four went to Salamis, and took part in the seizure of Leon. Though he thus braved all the wrath of the Thirty, it appears that they thought it expedient to leave him untouched. But the fact that they singled him out for such an atrocity—an old man of tried virtue, both private and public, and intellectually commanding, though at the same time intellectually unpopular—shows to what an extent they carried their system of forcing unwilling participants, while the further circumstance that he was the only person who had the courage to refuse, among four others who yielded to intimidation, shows that the policy was for the most part successful.—Vol. viii., p. 332.

This was the last time that the philosopher appeared in the political transactions of his country, unless we may believe the later traditions which represent him as present at that "most striking and tragical scene," when Theramenes sprang on the sacred hearth of the Athenian senate-house for protection against his murderers, and when, as we are told, Socrates and two of his friends alone stood forward to protect him, as Satyrus, the Santerre of this Athenian terrorism, dragged him by main force from the altar.

Such was the political life of Socrates—important in a high degree as proving that, unlike many eminent teachers, his character stood the test of public no less than of private morality—as exemplifying also the principle on which a good man may save the state, not by going out of his way to seek for trials of his strength, but by being fully prepared to meet them when they come. Had nothing more been handed down to us of his life but these comparatively trifling incidents, we should still have dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the scenes in which his name occurs, as, in fact, amidst "the naughty world" of Grecian politics we dwell on "the good deeds" of the humane Nicomachus, or of the noble Callicratidas; we should still have desired to know something more of the general character and pursuits of so honest and fearless a citizen.

That desire, as all the world knows, is gratified beyond all other example in the ancient world, by what is left us of the individual life of Socrates, which even in his own time made him the best known Athenian of his day, and in later times has so completely thrown his political acts into the shade, that not one in ten thousand of those to whom his name is a household word has any knowledge whatever of these few passages—few and far between—in which he crossed the path of the statesman or the soldier.

It is not often that the personal appearance of a great man has been so faithfully preserved. In the famous picture of the School of Athens we look round on the faces of the other philosophers, and detect them only by their likeness to some ideal model which the painter has imagined to himself.

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But the Socrates of Raphael is the true historical Socrates of Xenophon and Aristophanes. Could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian marketplace during the Peloponnesian war, we should at once recognize one familiar figure, standing with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amidst the group of handsome youths, or aged sophists, eager to hear, to learn, and to refute. We should see the Silenus features of that memorable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes—the mark of a thousand jests from friends and foes. We should laugh at the protuberance of the Falstaff stomach, which no necessary hardships, no voluntary exercise, could bring down. We should perceive the strong-built frame, the full development of health and strength, which never sickened in the winter campaign of Potidæa, nor yet in the long plague and stifling heats of the blockade of Athens; which could enter alike into the jovial revelry of the religious festivities of Xenophon and Plato, or sustain the austerities, the scanty clothing, the bare feet, and the coarse fare of his ordinary life. The strong common sense, the humor, the courage of the man, were conspicuous on his very first appearance. And every one knows the story of the physiognomist who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper which for the most part he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it to be absolutely terrible, overleaping both in act and language every barrier of the ordinary decorum of Grecian manners.*

But we must go back into his inner life, and into his earlier youth, before we can apprehend the feelings with which the Athenians must have regarded this strange apparition among them. He was still young, perhaps still in his father's workshop, laboring at his group of Graces, and seeking inspirations from the ancient founder of his house, the hero-artist Dædalus, when the first intimation of his mission dawned upon him. Without presuming fully to explain what is at best but imperfectly known to us, it is evident that Socrates partook largely of that enthusiastic temperament which is so often the basis of a great character, but which is rarely united with a mind so remarkable for its healthy and vigorous tone in all other respects. One striking indication of this eccentric state he shared in common with two men, in their respective spheres hardly less eminent than himself. We are reminded by a recent biographer of Archimedes how that wonderful mechanician "resembled Newton and Socrates in his habits of complete abstraction from outward things, when reflecting on subjects which made considerable demands on his mental powers." At such times "Archimedes would forget to eat his meals, and require compulsion to take him to the bath." In such a moment of abstraction it was that he rushed out of the bath into the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming, *Eureka! Eureka!*† In such another moment he fell a victim to the sword of the Roman soldier, too intent on his problem to return the answer which would have saved his life. In such a mood it was that our own great astronomer sat half-dressed on his bed for many hours of the day while composing the Principia. And so we are told of Socrates, that he would suddenly fall into a reverie, and then remain motion-

less and regardless of all attempts to interrupt or call him away. On one such occasion, when in the camp at Potidæa, he was observed to stand thus transfixed at the early dawn of a long summer day. One after another the soldiers gathered round him, but he continued in the same posture, undisturbed by their astonishment, or by the noon-day heat which had begun to beat upon his head. Evening drew on, and still he was to be seen in the same position, and the inquisitive Ionians in the camp took their evening meal by his side, and drew out their pallets from their tents to watch him. And the cold dews of the Thracian night came on, and still he remained unmoved, till at last the sun rose above Mount Athos, and still found him on the same spot where he had been since the previous morning. Then at last he started from his trance, offered his morning prayer to the Sun-god, and retired.*

Abstraction from the outer world so profound as this would of itself prepare us for the extraordinary disclosures which he has himself left of that "divine sign," which by later writers was called his "dæmon," but which he himself (as is well remarked by Mr. Grote) calls by the simpler name, of "his prophetic or supernatural voice." It is impossible not to be reminded by it of those "voices" (the very same expression was used)† by which the Maid of Orleans described herself to be actuated in her great task of delivering France from the English yoke. As in her case, so in his, this mysterious monitor began to address him when he was a child, long before the consciousness of his powers or the conception of his mission had been realized in his mind, and continued down to the very close of his life; so that even his conduct on his trial was distinctly based upon its intimations:—

He was accustomed not only to obey it implicitly, but to speak of it publicly and familiarly to others, so that the fact was well known both to his friends and to his enemies. It had always forbidden him to enter on public life; it forbade him, when the indictment was hanging over him, to take any thought for a prepared defence; and so completely did he march with a consciousness of this bridle in his mouth, that when he felt no check, he assumed that the turning which he was about to take was the right one. Though his persuasion on the subject was unquestionably sincere, and his obedience constant—yet he never dwelt upon it himself as anything grand, or awful, or entitling him to peculiar deference; but spoke of it often in his usual strain of familiar playfulness. To his friends generally, it seems to have constituted one of his titles to reverence, though neither Plato nor Xenophon scruple to talk of it in that jesting way which doubtless they caught from himself.—*Ibid.* 559.

Another mode which Socrates seemed to himself to enjoy, of intercommunication with the invisible world, was by dreams. "Often and often," (so he related one such instance in his last hours,) "have I been haunted by a vision in the course of my past life; now coming in one form, now in another, but always with the same words—*Socrates! let music be thy work and labor.*" How he endeavored literally to comply with this injunction by endeavoring even at that solemn moment to versify the fables of Æsop, it is known to every reader of the Phædo.

But the most important preternatural influence—more important even than the restraining voice of

* See Fragments of Aristoxenus, 27, 28, as quoted by Mr. Grote, vol. viii. p. 548.

† Life of Archimedes, by Professor Donkin, in that very valuable work, Smith's Classical Biographical Dictionary.

* Plato, Symp. pp. 175 a, 220 c.

† See Quarterly Review, vol. lxi., pp. 285, 322, 324.

his familiar spirit—was that which acted upon him, in common with the rest of his countrymen, the oracle of Delphi. Who that has ever seen or read of that sacred spot—the twin cliffs overhanging the sloping terraces which descend to the deep ravine of the Plistus—terraces now bare and untenanted, but then crowned by temples, rising tier above tier with a magnificence the more striking from the wild scenery around—can fail to enter in some degree into the reverence paid to the mysterious voice which issued from beneath those ancient rocks? It was a remarkable proof of the sincere belief which the Greek world reposed in the oracle, that it was consulted not only for state purposes, but to solve the perplexity or curiosity which was felt with regard to individual characters. Even so late as the time of Cicero this belief continued. We are told that when the Roman orator, as a young man, went to Rhodes to complete his education, and consulted the oracle about his life, the Pythia advised him to live for himself, and not to value the opinion of others as his guide. "If this be an invention," says Niebuhr, in relating the incident with his usual liveliness, "it was certainly made by one who saw very deep, and perceived the real cause of all Cicero's sufferings. If the Pythia did give such an answer, then this is one of the oracles which might tempt one to believe in an actual inspiration of the priestess." This is one instance, and assuredly another is the answer made to the faithful disciple who went to inquire whether any one was wiser than the son of Sophroniscus. The priestess replied, and Chærephon brought back the reply, that Socrates was the wisest of men. It was this oracle—according to Mr. Grote, who has brought out its bearing on his character in striking relief—which was the turning-point of the life of Socrates.

It would be curious, had we the materials, to delineate the struggles of that hour, to trace the homely common sense of the young statuary, confounded by the words of the response, contrary to all that he knew of his own wisdom, as he then counted wisdom, yet backed by what he believed to be an infallible authority, and pressed upon him, doubtless, by all the enthusiasm of his ardent friend. He resolved to put the oracle to the test by examining into the wisdom of others; and from this seemingly trivial incident began that extraordinary life, which, in the words of Mr. Grote, is "without parallel among contemporaries or successors."

He was in middle age when this call came upon him, and at once, and with a devotion of which the Pagan world can give no other example, he arose and followed it. From that time for thirty years he applied himself to "the self-imposed task of teacher, excluding all other business, public or private, and neglecting all means of fortune." For thirty years—for those thirty years which extend through the whole period of the Peloponnesian war—in the crowded streets and squares, when all Attica was congregated within the walls of Athens to escape the Spartan invasions—during the horrors of the plague—amidst the excitements of the various vicissitudes of Pylus of Syracuse, of the revolution of the Four Hundred, of Ægospotami, of the tyranny of the Thirty, of the restoration of the democracy, Socrates was ever at his post, by his presence, by his voice, by his example, restraining, attracting, repelling every class of his excitable countrymen:

Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the

schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables, where goods were exposed for sale; his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by; not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked upon the same general topic to all.—*Ibid.*, p. 554.

Under any circumstances such an apparition would have struck astonishment into a Grecian city. All other teachers both before and afterwards "either took money for their lessons, or at least gave them apart from the multitude in a private house to special pupils, with admissions or rejections at their own pleasure." The *Academy*-grove of Plato, the *Garden* of Epicurus, the *Porch* or cloister of Zeno, the *Lycæum* or sanctuary with the *Peripatetic* shades of Aristotle, all indicate the prevailing practice. The philosophy of Socrates alone was in every sense the philosophy of the market-place. Very rarely he might be found under the shade of the plane-tree* or the caverned rocks of the Ilissus, enjoying the grassy slope of its banks and the little pools of water that collect in the corners of its torrent bed, and the white and purple flowers of its agnus castus shrubs. But ordinarily, whether in the city, in the dusty road between the Long Walls, or in the busy mart of Piræus, his place was amongst men, and with men, in every vocation of life, living not for himself, but for them, rejecting all pay, contented in poverty. Whatever could be added to the singularity of this spectacle was added by the singularity of his outward appearance. What that appearance was has been already indicated. Amidst the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colors of an Athenian multitude and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the naked feet, the rough, threadbare attire of the philosopher must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. And if to this we add the occasional trance, the eye fixed on vacancy, the total abstraction from outward things—or, again, the momentary outbursts of violent temper—or lastly (what we are told at times actually took place) the sudden interruptions of his wife Xantippe to carry off her eccentric husband to his forsaken home—we shall not wonder at the universal celebrity which he acquired, even irrespectively of his great powers or of his peculiar objects. Every one knows the attention which an unusual diction or even an unusual dress secures for a teacher so soon as he has once secured a hearing. A Quaker at court, or a Latter-day Prophet speaking in the language of Mr. Carlyle, has, other things considered, a better chance of being listened to than a man in ordinary costume and of ordinary address. And such in an eminent degree was Socrates. It was (so his disciples described it) as if one of the marble satyrs which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptors' shops at Athens, had left his seat of stone, and walked into the plane-tree avenue or the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke of the tanners, and the smiths, and the drovers, who were plying their trades about

* Plato, *Phædrus*, c. 9. The exact spot described in this dialogue may still be verified.

† Plato, *Symp.*, c. 39.

him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased—the crowd thickened—the gay youth whom nothing else could tame stood transfixed and awestruck in his presence—there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great Mother of the Gods—the head swam, the heart leaped at the sound—tears rushed from their eyes; and they felt that, unless they tore themselves away from that fascinated circle, they should sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvellous music of this second Marsyas.

But the excitement occasioned by his appearance was increased tenfold by the purpose which he had set before him, when, to use the expressive comparison of his pupils, he cast away his rough satyr's skin and disclosed the divine image which that rude exterior had covered. The object to which he thus devoted himself with the zeal "not simply of a philosopher, but of a religious missionary doing the work of a philosopher," was to convince men of all classes, but especially the most distinguished, that they had the "conceit of knowledge without the reality." His own words, as translated by Mr. Grote from his defence on his trial, are too striking to be omitted in any account of this part of his life:—

"Should you even now offer to acquit me, on condition of my renouncing this duty, I should tell you, with all respect and affection, that I will obey the god rather than you, and that I will persist until my dying day, in cross-questioning you, exposing your want of wisdom and virtue, and reproaching you until the defect be remedied. My mission as your monitor is a mark of the special favor of the god to you; and if you condemn me, it will be your loss; for you will find none other such. Perhaps you will ask me, Why cannot you go away, Socrates, and live among us in peace and silence? This is the hardest of all questions for me to answer to your satisfaction. If I tell you that silence on my part would be disobedience to the god, you will think me in jest, and not believe me. You will believe me still less, if I tell you that the greatest blessing which can happen to man is, to carry on discussions every day about virtue and those other matters which you hear me canvassing when I cross-examine myself as well as others—and that life without such examination is no life at all. Nevertheless, so stands the fact, incredible as it may seem to you."

In what way he pursued this object must be described by Mr. Grote:—

To him the precept, inscribed in the Delphian temple—*Know thyself*—was the holiest of all texts, which he constantly cited, and strenuously enforced upon his hearers; interpreting it to mean, Know what sort of a man thou art, and what are thy capacities, in reference to human use. His manner of enforcing it was alike original and effective, and though he was dexterous in varying his topics and queries according to the individual person with whom he had to deal, it was his first object to bring the hearer to take just measure of his own real knowledge or real ignorance. To preach, to exhort, even to confute particular errors, appeared to Sokratēs useless, so long as the mind lay wrapped up in its habitual mist, or illusion of wisdom; such mist must be dissipated before any new

light could enter. Accordingly, the hearer being usually forward in announcing positive declarations on those general doctrines, and explanations of those terms, to which he was most attached, and in which he had the most implicit confidence, Sokratēs took them to pieces, and showed that they involved contradiction and inconsistency; professing himself to be without any positive opinion, nor ever advancing any until the hearer's mind had undergone the proper purifying cross-examination.

It was this indirect and negative proceeding which, though only a part of the whole, stood out as his most original and most conspicuous characteristic, and determined his reputation with a large number of persons who took no trouble to know anything else about him. It was an exposure no less painful than surprising to the person questioned, and produced upon several of them an effect of permanent alienation, so that they never came near him again, but reverted to their former state of mind without any permanent change. But on the other hand, the ingenuity and novelty of the process was highly interesting to hearers, especially youthful hearers, sons of rich men, and enjoying leisure, who not only carried away with them a lofty admiration of Sokratēs, but were fond of trying to copy his negative polemics. Probably men like Alkibiadēs and Kritias frequented his society chiefly for this purpose of acquiring a quality which they might turn to some account in their political career. His constant habit of never suffering a general term to remain undetermined, but applying it at once to particulars—the homely and effective instances of which he made choice—the string of interrogatories each advancing towards a result, yet a result not foreseen by any one—the indirect and circuitous manner whereby the subject was turned round, and at last approached and laid open by a totally different face—all this constituted a sort of prerogative in Sokratēs, which no one else seems to have approached. Its effect was enhanced by a voice and manner highly plausible and captivating—and, to a certain extent, by the very eccentricity of his Silenic physiognomy. What is termed his *irony*—or assumption of the character of an ignorant learner asking information from one who knew better than himself—while it was essential as an excuse for his practice as a questioner, contributed also to add zest and novelty to his conversation; and totally banished from it both didactic pedantry and seeming bias as an advocate, which, to one who talked so much, was of no small advantage.—viii., p. 605.

That a life of thirty years so spent should have created enmities—that statesmen, poets, and lawyers should have thought him "an intolerable bore"—that the regular teachers (whom the Greeks called Sophists*) should have hated the man whose dis-

* An apology may seem due to Mr. Grote for the brevity with which we have passed over his chapter on the Sophists. On no portion of his work has he expended more labor and more energy, and, if his view be correct, on none ought the reader to bestow more attention and thought. We have, however, abstained from dwelling upon it because, as we have observed with respect to the Greek philosophy in general, it is premature to discuss a subject confessedly incomplete. It is enough here to state, as briefly as possible, the contrast between this writer's view and the popular representation of the Sophists. According to the common notion they were a sect; according to him they were a class or profession. According to the common view they were the propagators of demoralizing doctrines, and (what from them are termed) "sophistical" argumentations. According to Mr. Grote, they were the regular teachers of Greek morality, neither above nor below the standard of the age. According to the common view, Socrates was the great opponent of the Sophists, and Plato his natural successor in the same combat. According to Mr. Grote, Socrates was the great representative of the Sophists, distinguished from them only by his higher eminence and by the peculiarity of his mode of life and teaching. According to

interested pursuance of his vocation without pay seemed to cast a slur upon their profession—that the multitude should have regarded partly with dislike, partly with awe, a man whose aims were so lofty, whose life so pure, and yet whose eccentricities seemed to indicate something wild and preternatural, was only too obvious; and we cannot be surprised that “so violent was the enmity which he occasionally provoked, that there were instances in which he was struck or maltreated, and very frequently laughed to scorn.”

In truth, the mission of Sokratēs, as he himself describes it, could not but prove eminently unpopular and obnoxious. To convince a man that—of matters which he felt confident of knowing, and never thought of questioning or even of studying—he is really profoundly ignorant, inasmuch that he cannot reply to a few pertinent queries without involving himself in flagrant contradictions, is an operation highly salutary, often necessary, to his future improvement; but an operation of painful surgery, in which, indeed, the temporary pain experienced is one of the conditions almost indispensable to the future beneficial results. It is one which few men can endure without bating the operator at the time; although doubtless such hatred would not only disappear, but be exchanged for esteem and admiration, if they persevered until the full ulterior consequences of the operation developed themselves. But we know (from the express statement of Xenophon) that many who underwent this first pungent thrust of his dialectics, never came near him again; he disregarded them as laggards, but their voices did not the less count in the hostile chorus. What made that chorus the more formidable, was the high quality and position of its leaders. For Sokratēs himself tells us that the men whom he chiefly and expressly sought out to cross-examine, were the men of celebrity as statesmen, rhetors, poets, or artisans; those, at once, most sensitive to such humiliation, and most capable of making their enmity effective.

We may, therefore, justly share in Mr. Grote's wonder, not that the thirty years' “public, notorious, and efficacious discoursing” was interrupted at last, but that it was not interrupted long before. And we may also justly join in the fine tribute which he takes occasion to deduce from this fact to the character of his favorite democracy.

The truth is, that as history presents to us only one man who ever devoted his life to prosecute this duty of an elenchic or cross-examining missionary; so there was but one city, in the ancient world at least, wherein he would have been allowed to prosecute it for twenty-five years with safety and impunity, and that city was Athens. * * * At Sparta, at Thebes, at Argos, Miletus, or Syracuse, his blameless life would have been insufficient as a shield, and his irresistible dialectic power would have caused him to be only the more speedily silenced.—p. 634.

Why then, it may be asked, did he fall at last? Why should he have been prosecuted at seventy years of age for persevering in an occupation precisely the same in manner and in substance as he had followed for so many years preceding? The answer is to be found in the general history of

the common view, Plato and his followers were the authorized teachers, the established clergy of the Greek nation, and the Sophists the dissenters. According to Mr. Grote, the Sophists were the established clergy, and Plato was the dissenter—the Socialist, who attacked the Sophists, (as he attacked the poets and the statesmen,) not as a particular sect, but as one of the existing orders of society.

Athens at that time, and the general character of the Athenian people. We have arrived, it must be remembered, at the end of the Peloponnesian war. The most galling tyranny to which Athens had ever been exposed—a tyranny far more resembling that of the Revolutionary Tribunal in France than anything which Greek history presents—had just been overthrown. A restoration of the old democracy had just been effected, under circumstances singularly trying; and in the reaction against that tyranny, in the jubilee of that restoration, the whole people of Athens were absorbed with an intensity of interest which we can but faintly realize, by conceiving a combination of the feelings which in France were produced by the 9th of Thermidor, and in England by the 29th of May. Every association with the dreadful period of the eight months' dominion of the Thirty was now viewed with the darkest suspicion. Every old institution was now cherished with double affection, reminding them, as it did, of the free and happy days which those eight months had suspended, securing them, as it did, from the return of the lawless cruelty and self-indulgence which had been established in the interval. All the suspicions, excitements, enmities, which Thucydides describes with such a master hand, as the result of the mere traditional recollections of the tyranny of the Pisistratides, were now let loose with so much the greater force from the freshness of the recollections of the tyranny of Critias and his associates. All the undefined, mysterious panic, which Mr. Grote has so well described throughout the city after the mutilation of the Hermes-busts, was now, although in a less concentrated form, afloat again to vindicate the majesty of the ancient institutions of their forefathers so unexpectedly, so providentially restored to them.

It was in this state of public feeling that on the walls of the portico of the King Archon—that ancient vestige of primeval usage, which long preserved at Athens the recollection of the Gate of Judgment, in which the Kings of the East have administered justice from Abraham and David down to the Sublime Porte at Constantinople and La Torre de Justicia in the Alhambra—there appeared in the presence of the Athenian people the fatal indictment, memorable for all future ages.

Socrates is guilty of crime, first, for not worshipping the gods whom the city worshiped, but introducing new divinities of his own; next, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due is—death.

These two accusations at once concentrated upon Socrates all the indefinite odium which had perhaps for years, but certainly for months past, been gathering in the minds of the people. Three men only had spoken, Melitus, Anytus, and Lycon; but they spoke the feeling of hundreds. The charge of innovation on the national religion, as it was one which, especially at this moment of intense reaction, roused the “too much superstition” of that sensitive populace almost to madness, was one to which, however unjustly, his manner—his conversation—even those eccentricities which most belonged to his religious temperament, eminently exposed him. It recalled, too, and Miletus the poet would not suffer the recollection to sleep, the great spectacle which twenty-four years ago had been exhibited in the Dionysiac Theatre, when Socrates had been held up to ridicule and detestation as the representative of the Sophist school in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes; and although

many who had sat on the tiers of the theatre at that time were now in their graves, and possibly the long and blameless course which had followed might have cleared away some misunderstandings, yet the very appearance of Socrates would suggest the laughter which that hideous mask had called forth—the very words of the charge would bring before their minds the most striking of the Aristophanic scenes.

Still more sharply was the second count in the indictment, pointed by the events of the time—"He has corrupted the youth." Two men, the most distinguished of the pupils of his earlier years, had just been cut off in the very height of their fame and of their crimes. The two most hateful names at Athens at this moment were Alcibiades and Critias—Alcibiades, both for his individual licentiousness and insolence, and also for the public treason, which more than any one cause had precipitated the fatal termination of the war—Critias, as "the chief director of the unnatural spoliations and atrocities committed by the Thirty." And yet both these dreadful characters—for so they must have been regarded—had in former times been seen hanging on the lips of Socrates in public and in private; for Alcibiades his affection had been stronger than he had felt to any other man; of Critias it was enough to say that he was the uncle of the philosopher's most admiring disciple, Plato. And the odium which would be incurred by this connexion must have been enhanced by the presence of his accuser, Anytus. Anytus had suffered with Thrasybulus during the late usurpation—with him had taken refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Phyle—with him had shared the danger and the glory of the return. As the aged accuser and the aged plaintiff stood before the Athenian court, the judges could hardly fail to be reminded that in one they saw the faithful supporter, through evil report and good report, of their greatest benefactor—in the other, the master and friend of the arch-traitor and the arch-tyrant.

It was to feelings such as these, added to the long-accumulated jealousy and suspicion which intellectual and moral eminence, when accompanied either by eccentricity or by hostility to existing opinions or practice, always provokes, that we must ascribe the unfavorable attitude assumed by the Judicial Assembly of Athens towards Socrates. Amongst the five hundred and fifty men of whom that assembly was composed there must have been ample room for the entrance of all those irregular and accidental influences to which a numerous court of justice in such a case must always be exposed—there must have been many who had formerly smarted under his questions in the marketplace—many who had been disturbed by the consciousness of something beyond their ordinary powers of understanding or appreciation. Those who reflect on the feelings under which a judicial body of equal numbers has in our own time twice pronounced a verdict on the charge of heresy within one of our own universities—those who have trembled at the prospect of submitting to the judgment of a synod or convocation such questions as have lately agitated the public mind in England at large, may form some conception of the mercy which, in times of intense religious and political excitement, even the most illustrious of Athenian teachers was likely to receive at the hands of a hostile tribunal of more than five hundred citizens, drawn at hazard from all classes of society.

It is due alike to him and to them to remember,

that by 276 out of that number he was acquitted. A majority of six turned the scale in the most momentous trial which up to that time the world had witnessed. There was still, however, a chance of escape. The penalty for which the Athenians had called was death. But according to the practice of the Athenian judicature, it was always in the power of the accused, after the verdict had been pronounced, to suggest some lesser penalty than had been proposed, such as fine, imprisonment, or exile. Had Socrates done this simply and purely, the very small majority by which the condemnation had been pronounced, affords sufficient proof that the judges were not inclined to sanction the extreme penalty against him. But the lofty tone which he had assumed in the previous part of the trial, and which to many of the judges would "appear to betray an insolence not without analogy to Alcibiades or Critias with whom his accuser had compared him," now rose to a still higher pitch. His own words must be given, as alone conveying an impression of the effect which must have been produced.

What counter proposition shall I make to you, (he said,) as a substitute for the penalty of Melitus? Shall I name to you the treatment which I think I deserve at your hands? In that case, my proposition would be, that I should be rewarded with a subsistence at the public expense in the Prytaneum; for that is what I really deserve as a public benefactor—one who has neglected all thought of his own affairs, and embraced voluntary poverty, in order to devote himself to your best interests, and to admonish you individually on the serious necessity of mental and moral improvement. Assuredly I cannot admit that I have deserved from you any evil whatever; nor would it be reasonable in me to propose exile or imprisonment, which I know to be certain and considerable evils, in place of death, which may perhaps be not an evil but a good. I might indeed propose to you a pecuniary fine; for the payment of that would be no evil. But I am poor, and have no money: all that I could muster might perhaps amount to a mina; and I therefore propose to you a fine of one mina, as punishment on myself—Plato and my other friends near me desire me to increase this sum to thirty minæ, and they engage to pay it for me. A fine of thirty minæ, therefore, is the counter-penalty which I submit for your judgment.

It is easy to conceive the indignation with which this challenge must have been received by the judges, as a direct insult to the court—the bitter grief and disappointment with which it must have been heard by his friends, as throwing away the last chance of preserving a life to them so inestimably precious.

To us, it invests the character of Socrates with that heroic dignity which would else perhaps have been wanting to his career, from its very simplicity and homely usefulness. At the same time it has a further and peculiar interest in enabling us to form a distinct conception of that determined disregard of time, and place, and consequences, which constitutes so remarkable a feature of Socrates' individual character, and harmonizing so completely with the religious susceptibility, and, we may add, the physical temperament with which he was endowed. It is the same intent devotion to his one object of life, as appeared when he remained transfixed in the camp at Potidea—as when he looked back with calm majesty on his pursuers at Delium—as when he argued through long days and months in the public places of Athens—as when he refused in the raging assembly after the battle of Arginuse to be

turned one hair's breadth from the strict rule of law and duty.

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory—on the affecting farewell to the judges—on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict—on the playful equanimity and unabated interest in his habitual objects of life amidst the uncontrollable emotions of his companions, after they knew of the return of the sacred ship, whose absence had up to that moment suspended his fate—on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand—on the entrance of the fatal hemlock—the immovable countenance—the firm hand—the wonted “scowl” of stern defiance at the executioner—the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as with his habitual “ease and cheerfulness” he drained the cup to its dregs;† then the solemn silence enjoined by himself—the pacing to and fro—the cold palsy of the hemlock creeping from the extremities to the heart, and the gradual torpor ending in death. But we must forbear. It is a story which, having been once told, can never be repeated—and in this case more especially, it would be almost an insult to our readers to enter into details on which Mr. Grote has modestly declined to dwell, as if unwilling to trust himself to the handling of so great a subject. It is enough to be reminded of some of those little incidents which so strikingly illustrate the general character of Socrates, and which in Mr. Grote's narrative are for the first time fully brought out, in this connexion—how to the end his ruling passion strong in death suggested to him the consolation, as natural to him as it seems strange to us, that when in the world beyond the grave he should, as he hoped, encounter the heroes of the Trojan war, he should then “pursue with them the business of mutual cross-examination, and debate on ethical progress and perfection”—how he confidently (but, as the event proved, mistakenly) believed, that his removal would be the signal “for numerous apostles putting forth with increased energy that process of interrogatory test and spur to which he had devoted his life, and was doubtless to him far dearer and more sacred than his life”—how his escape from prison was only prevented by his own decided refusal to become a “party in any breach of the law, a resolution which we should expect as a matter of course after the line he had taken in his defence”—how deliberately, and with matter of fact precision, he satisfied himself with the result of the verdict, by reflecting that the divine voice of his earlier years had “never manifested itself once to him during the whole day of the trial; neither when he came thither at first, nor at any one point during his whole discourse”—how his “strong religious persuasions were attested by his last words addressed to his friend immediately before he passed into a state of insensibility”—“Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius—discharge the debt, and by no means forget it.”

Perhaps in Mr. Grote's narrative—perhaps in our own as condensed from it, the readers of ancient history, as it has hitherto been familiar to us, will have felt something like a jar against the solemn

and majestic associations with which the life and death of Socrates have always been invested. To a great extent this is merely the inevitable result of the sudden exhibition, in its true historical light, of a great character up to this time regarded with almost ideal indistinctness. It is very seldom that the first sight of an eminent man exactly corresponds to our preconceived impression—and the disturbance of that impression, especially if the impression had partaken of the nature of moral or religious reverence, has the effect of disappointment and depreciation beyond what is justified by the facts of the case. Such possibly may be the result of Mr. Grote's representation of Socrates and of his judges. We shrink from thinking that Socrates was a man like ourselves—from thinking that there is anything to be said by way of excuse for the Athenians. But on second thoughts we shall recognize, as in other matters, so in this, that truth and reality, so far from being inconsistent with a just reverence, tend to promote it. We know better than we did in what the greatness of Socrates consisted, and we are therefore the better able truly to honor, and, so far as in us lies, to imitate it. We know better than we did wherein lay the true secret of his condemnation, and we are therefore the better able not merely to compassionate, but to take warning by, the error of his judges.

Thus far Mr. Grote's judgment of the case appears to us only so far to differ from the common view, in that it is a more lively, a more truthful, and, therefore, a less familiar treatment of a well known subject. Whatever there may be of attack or defence in his argument, is the effect of his having to fight his way to his conclusion through a host, not of opposing enemies, but of indistinct and illusive phantoms.

In one point of view, however, perhaps from inadvertence, his representation may have an impression too much at variance with what is at once the popular and the just consideration of the whole matter. “The fact of the death of Socrates stands recorded,” he observes, “as one amongst the thousand misdeeds of intolerance, religious and political. * * * The condemnation ought to count as one of the least gloomy items in an essentially gloomy catalogue.” Now making every allowance for the force of the motives which he has described as operating on the Athenian mind, there is still a dark shade left on the verdict which has not been fairly removed, and which gives to it (we think) not a subordinate, but a preëminent place amongst those misdeeds to which Mr. Grote refers. If the character of Socrates were what Mr. Grote has proved it to be—if his long life had been not merely virtuous and self-denying, but virtuous and self-denying beyond all parallel in the ancient world—if it had produced upon two minds as different as those of Xenophon and Plato an impression so profound, and excited in their hearts an affection and a devotion so intense, then the circumstance “that such a man with so great a presumption in his favor should be tried and found guilty as a corrupter of youth—the most undefined of all imaginable charges”—is not only “a grave and melancholy fact in the history of mankind,” but it stamps with a peculiar disgrace the court and the people who were so blinded by political and religious prejudice as to be insensible to such commanding excellence. It proves (what Mr. Grote has by implication well observed in his account of the Athenian over-estimate of Nicias) that there was something essentially defective in

* ἀλλ' οἶμαι ἔτι ἕλιον εἶναι ἐπὶ τοῖς ὄρεσι καὶ οὐ πωθουμέναι. *Phædo*, c. 151.

† ὥς περ εἰώθεισαν ὑποβλήσας. *Ib.*, c. 152.

‡ μάλ᾽ ἐν χειρὶ καὶ ἐν πόλῳ ἐξέπτε. *Ib.*, c. 153.

the moral conceptions which could allow the mass of an highly sensitive and intellectual nation to witness unmoved such a spectacle—vouchsafed only once in many centuries, and then vouchsafed in its general manifestations for a long course of thirty years, and in its most striking manifestation at the very moment of the trial itself. They admired Nicias because he came up to the level of their own ideal; they condemned Socrates because he passed so far beyond it that they were unable even to understand him. And if, as Mr. Grote believes, the Athenian people never repented of their act, still the almost contemporary protests of Plato and Xenophon justify the usual light in which that act has been regarded by the accordant voice of posterity.

Although to speak of Socrates and omit his philosophy may almost seem like acting Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, we have already said that the fit handling of this great subject belongs to the history of Greek philosophy as a whole, and that till Mr. Grote has brought us to its close, it is hardly fair to him or to our readers to exhibit an isolated portion, however important. It is sufficient to remember that, although the hope of successors in his peculiar method, which sustained Socrates in his last hours, was never realized, yet the impulse which he gave was never lost. The revolution which he had effected is still in operation in every part of the civilized world—

Whatever may have been the success of Protagoras, or any other among the sophists, the mighty originality of Sokratēs achieved results not only equal at the time, but incomparably grander and more lasting in reference to the future. Out of his intellectual school sprang not merely Plato (himself a host) but all the other leaders of Grecian speculation for the next half century, and all those who continued the great line of speculative philosophy down to later times. Eukleidēs and the Megarian school of philosophers—Aristippus and the Kyrenaic—Antisthenēs and Diogenēs, the first of those called the Cynics—all emanated more or less directly from the stimulus imparted by Sokratēs, though each followed a different vein of thought. Ethics continue to be what Sokratēs had first made them, a distinct branch of philosophy, alongside of which politics, rhetoric, logic, and other speculations relating to man and society, gradually arranged themselves; all of them more popular, as well as more keenly controverted, than physics, which at that time presented comparatively little charm, and still less of attainable certainty. There can be no doubt that the individual influence of Sokratēs permanently enlarged the horizon, improved the method, and multiplied the ascendant minds of the Grecian speculative world, in a manner never since paralleled. Subsequent philosophers may have had a more elaborate doctrine, and a larger number of disciples who imbibed their ideas; but none of them applied the same stimulating method with the same efficacy—none of them struck out of other minds that fire which sets light to original thought—none of them either produced in others the pains of intellectual pregnancy, or extracted from others the fresh and unborrowed offspring of a really parturient mind.—viii., p. 621.

But although declining for the present to follow Mr. Grote on this track, we cannot part with him without resting for a few moments on some of those more general reflections which his treatment of the individual life of Socrates suggests.

There is one point of view in which the career of Socrates has always possessed an interest, perhaps too sacred to be dwelt upon in these pages, but

to which Mr. Grote's representation almost of necessity invites the thoughtful reader. We have always felt, and he has made us feel more strongly than ever, that, in studying the character and life of Socrates, we are studying the most remarkable moral phenomenon in the ancient world. We are conscious of having climbed the highest point of the ascent of heathen virtue and wisdom; we find ourselves in a presence which invests with an interest approaching to sublimity all that relates to it. We feel that here alone, or almost alone, in the Grecian world, we are breathing an atmosphere, not merely moral, but religious, not merely religious (it may be a strong expression, yet we are borne out by the authority of the earliest fathers of the Church*) not merely religious, but Christian. Difficult as it was to escape from these associations under any circumstances, the language of Mr. Grote has now rendered it all but impossible. The startling phrases which he uses, as alone adequate to the occasion, are dictated by the necessity of the case; and when we are told that Socrates was "a cross-examining missionary"—that "he spent his life in public apostolic dialectics"—that he was habitually actuated by "his persuasion of a special religious mission," we are at once carried forward from the age of Socrates himself to that more sacred age, from which these expressions are borrowed, and by which alone we are enabled fully to appreciate and recognize what Socrates was and did.

Of those comparisons which have again and again been instituted between the life and death of the Athenian sage, and that Divine life and death which admits of no equal or parallel, it has indeed been truly said, "If Christ were no more than a Socrates, then a Socrates he was not." To compare is in such a case to misconceive relations which are in fact incommensurable. Still we cannot wonder that such comparisons should have been suggested, and, if viewed aright, there are few more remarkable illustrations of the reality of the Gospel history, than the light which, by way of contrast or likeness, is thrown upon it by the highest example of Greek antiquity. It is instructive to observe that there alone—on no lower level before or since—in that climax and crisis of the human development of ancient times is to be found the only career which, at however remote a distance, suggests whether to friends or enemies any real illustration of the One Life, which is the turning point of the history of the whole world. When we contemplate the contented poverty, the self-devotion, the publicity, of the career of Socrates, we feel that we can understand better than before the outward aspect at least of that Sacred Presence which moved on the busy shores of the sea of Galilee, and in the streets and courts of Jerusalem. When we read the last conversations of the prisoner in the Athenian dungeon, our thoughts almost insensibly rise to the parting discourses in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, and we remember with gratitude and reverential awe the uncertainty—the wavering—the dark future of the philosophic speculations, when contrasted with the unbroken repose and confidence which pervades every word of the Divine assurances. Or (to turn to another side) when we are perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the narrative of the three first Evangelists with the altered tone of the fourth, it is at least a step towards the solution

* See Justin Martyr.

of that difficulty to remember that there is here a parallel diversity of narrative, which, so far from destroying the historical truth of the whole representation, has rather confirmed it; the Socrates of Xenophon is widely different from the Socrates of Plato, and yet no one has yet been tempted by that diversity to doubt the substantial identity—the true character—much less the historical existence of the master whom they both profess to describe. Nor when we think of the total silence of Josephus, or of other contemporary writers, respecting the events which we now regard as the greatest in the history of mankind, is it altogether irrelevant to reflect that for the whole thirty years which Thucydides comprises in his work, Socrates was not only living, but acting a more public part, and, for all the future history of Greece, an incomparably more important part than any other Athenian citizen; and yet that so able and so thoughtful an observer as Thucydides has never once noticed him directly or indirectly. There is no stronger proof of the weakness of the argument from omission, especially in the case of ancient history which, unlike our own, contained within its range of vision no more than was immediately before it for the moment.

If we descend from this higher ground to those lower but still lofty regions of Christian history, to which perhaps Mr. Grote's language more naturally and irresistibly leads us, the illustrations supplied by the life of Socrates are still more apposite and instructive. When we are reminded of the "apostolic" self-devotion of Socrates, a new light seems to break on the character and career of him from whose life that expression is especially derived; and the glowing language in which Mr. Grote describes the energy and the enthusiasm of the Athenian missionary enables us to realize with greater force than ever "the pureness and knowledge, and love unfeigned" of the missionary of a far higher cause, who stood and argued in the very market-place where Socrates had conversed 450 years before, and was, like him, accused of being "a vain babler" and "a setter-forth of strange gods." And even in minute detail there is nothing which more forcibly illustrates some of the passages of the Apostle's life than the corresponding features in the career of the philosopher. How much more vividly, for example, do we understand the relation of St. Paul, himself a rabbi, to the teachers of his time, at once belonging to them and distinct from them, when we contemplate in Mr. Grote's representations the like relation of Socrates to the Sophists! How striking is the coincidence between the indignant refusal of St. Paul in these very cities of Athens and Corinth to receive remuneration for his labors, and the similar protest of Socrates, by precept and example, against the paid teaching of the great mass of the philosophers of his own time! And, lastly, how remarkably is the vulgar feeling of the Roman world towards the Apostles and their converts illustrated by the vulgar feeling of the Athenian world towards Socrates and his pupils! In the attack which was made at two distinct periods on Alcibiades and on Socrates, we see the union of the great mass of Athenian society, both democratical and aristocratical, against what they conceived to be revolutionary, and against men both of whom were obnoxious because they towered above their age. As in the alleged plot of the mutilation of the *Hermæ*, Thessalus, the son of the aristocratic Cimon, and Androcles, the demagogue, both united against Alcibiades in the

charge of overthrowing the constitution and establishing a tyranny—so Aristophanes, the poet of the aristocracy, and Anytus, the companion of the exiled leader of the popular party, combined in bringing against Socrates the charge of overthrowing mythology and establishing atheism. In each case there was a real movement to be discovered—if the prosecutors could have discovered it. Alcibiades was at work on designs which might have dissolved the existing bonds of society at Athens, and perhaps made him its ruler and tyrant. Socrates was at work on designs which would ultimately tend to place the religion and morality of Greece on a totally new foundation. They failed to convict Alcibiades, because his plans were not yet fully developed; they failed to convict Socrates justly, because his design was one which none but the noblest minds could understand. So far there was a resemblance between the two cases—a resemblance of which the enemies of Socrates made the most. But, as every one now recognizes, the difference was far wider. Alcibiades was really what he was taken to be, the representative of all that was worst in the teaching of the Sophists—of all that was most hostile to morality and religion. Socrates, whilst formally belonging to the Sophists, was really the champion of all that was most true and most holy; and he fell a victim to the blindness which in all great movements has again and again confounded two elements most dissimilar because they both happened to be opposed to the prevailing opinion of the time.

We have reminded our readers of this juxtaposition because there is no passage in history which more happily illustrates the position which was taken up against the Christian apostles and missionaries of the first and second centuries—a position which has not unfrequently been overlooked or misapprehended. "Christianity," as has been well remarked, "shared the common lot of every great moral change which has ever taken place in human society, by containing amongst its supporters men who were morally the extreme opposites of each other." No careful reader of the Epistles can fail to perceive the constant struggle which the Apostles had to maintain, not only against the Jew and the heathen external to the Christian society, but against the wild and licentious heresies which took shelter within it. The same confusion which had taken place in the Athenian mind in the case of Socrates and Alcibiades, took place in the first century of the Christian era with regard to the Apostles and the heresiarchs of the Christian Church. St. Paul and Hymeneus were to all outward appearance on the same side, both equally bent on revolutionizing the existing order of civil society. As Aristophanes could not distinguish between the licentious arguments of the wilder class of Sophists and the elevating and inspiring philosophy of Socrates, so Tacitus could not distinguish between the anarchists whom St. Paul and St. Peter were laboring to repress, and the pure morality and faith which they were laboring to propagate. He regarded them both as belonging to "an execrable race," "hateful for their abominable crimes;" and as the Greek poet could see nothing but an atheist in Socrates, so the Roman historian would have joined in the cry, "Away with the atheists," which was raised against the first Christians. In each case the next generation judged more wisely and more justly. Socrates was in the age of Plato and Aristotle more fully appreciated, and the gross mistake which

Tacitus had made with regard to Christianity in the reign of Nero we learn from the milder tone of the younger Pliny to have passed away in the reign of Trajan. But the warnings are not less instructive for every age; and it is because the two cases, amidst infinite diversity, tend to explain each other, that we have thus ventured to bring them together.

Thus much has been suggested by those pregnant expressions of Mr. Grote which connect the individual history of Socrates with those passages in the history of the world, which all acknowledge to possess a universal interest and significance. But there are some direct lessons from this remarkable life, which Mr. Grote has pointed out, of still more general application, and capable of being described apart from the more philosophical inquiries with which they are connected.

We are told that we are living in an age of scepticism; that religious belief is becoming more and more widely separated from common sense and vigorous inquiry; that one or the other must be given up as useless or as dangerous. If this be so, it is a satisfaction to find any great example to the contrary, even though at the distance of more than two thousand years, and in the streets of Pagan Athens:—

Sokratés (so speaks the impartial voice of the modern historian) was the reverse of a sceptic; no man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye; no man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was travelling; no man ever combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resource, and the generalizing comprehension of a philosopher.—viii., p. 669.

Such a union of genuine religious feeling with genuine common sense and profound philosophy may be rare; but amidst the controversies of modern times it is an inexpressible satisfaction to feel that the union is not impossible—to know at the same time that the boldest philosophical enterprise ever undertaken was conceived, executed, and completed, in and through a spirit of intense and sincere devotion. The clash between religion and science was discerned by him, no less clearly than by us—his course was far more difficult than ours, in proportion as Paganism is more difficult than Christianity—yet to the end he retained his hold equally on both; and no faithful history can claim his witness to the one, without acknowledging his witness to the other also.

Once more. We all acknowledge Socrates to have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of merely human teachers. Yet he founded no school—he left no disciples—he refused the title of master. No definite system of opinions or of doctrines can be traced to his instructions. Some of his chief admirers fell into courses of life or adopted theories of philosophy which he would have highly disapproved. Yet his influence over the whole subsequent history of European speculation is not disputed; he stands at the very fountain-head of philosophical thought. The evil tendencies, whatever they might be, of the Sophist schools were withered by him, never in full force to revive. The greatest men of later times owed their intellectual birth to his genius, if not to his direct instruction. It is needless to draw the moral of this example. There is no age of the world in which it would not have been useful. Most of all, perhaps, may it be contemplated with advantage in an age like our own, where to found

a party or to join a party in theology or in philosophy, is the virtue which covers a multitude of sins—where, to do neither is to be exposed to attacks as mistaken and as eager in kind, though happily not in degree, as those which were levelled against the character and ultimately against the life of Socrates.

Lastly, there is the especial, the singular prerogative of Socrates—his faculty, his mission, his life, of cross-examination. The points which we have just enumerated have been shared with him by others; but in this his own favorite, life-long method of pursuing or suggesting truth—

Where are we to look for a parallel to Sokratés, either in or out of the Grecian world? The cross-examining Elenchus, which he not only first struck out, but wielded with such matchless effect and to such noble purposes, has been mute ever since his last conversation in the prison; for even his great successor Plato was a writer and lecturer, not a colloquial dialectician. No man has ever been found strong enough to bend his bow; much less, sure enough to use it as he did. His life remains as the only evidence, but a very satisfactory evidence, how much can be done by this sort of intelligent interrogation; how powerful is the interest which it can be made to inspire; how energetic the stimulus which it can apply in awakening dormant reason and generating new mental power.—viii., p. 664.

True it is that the reëappearance of such a man is, in the present state of society, impossible. Our privacy of domestic life, our established order of social intercourse, our mode of communication through books rather than through speech, render that perpetual dialogue wholly impracticable, which in the open, out-of-door life of Greece needed only courage and resolution to be adequately sustained. But though the remedy is impossible, the need for it cannot be said to have diminished:—

However little that instrument may have been applied since the death of its inventor, the necessity and use of it neither have disappeared, nor ever can disappear. There are few men whose minds are not more or less in that state of sham knowledge against which Sokratés made war; there is no man whose notions have not been first got together by spontaneous, unexamined, unconscious, uncertified, association, resting upon forgotten particulars, blending together dispartes or inconsistencies, and leaving in his mind old and familiar phrases, and oracular propositions, of which he has never rendered to himself account; there is no man, who, if he be destined for vigorous and profitable scientific effort, has not found it a necessary branch of self-education, to break up, disentangle, analyze, and reconstruct, these ancient mental compounds—and who has not been driven to do it by his own lame and solitary efforts, since the giant of the colloquial Elenchus no longer stands in the marketplace to lend him help and stimulus.—p. 670.

He no longer stands amongst us. Yet we can fancy what would result were he now to visit us—were he once more to appear with that Silenic physiognomy, with that eccentric manner, with that indomitable resolution, with that captivating voice, with that homely humor, with that solemn earnestness, with that siege of questions—among the crowded parties of our metropolis, under the groves and cloisters of our universities, in the midst of our political, our ecclesiastical, our religious meetings, on the floor of our legislative assemblies, at the foot of the pulpits of our well-filled churches. How often, in a conversation, in a book, in a debate, in

a speech, in a sermon, have we longed for the doors to open, and for the son of Sophroniscus to enter—how often, in the tempest of pamphlets, in the heat of angry accusations, in the discourses that have darkened counsel by words without knowledge, during the theological controversies of the past year, have we been tempted to exclaim, "O for one hour of Socrates!" O for one hour of that voice which should by its searching cross-examination make men see what they knew, and what they did not know—what they meant, and what they only thought they meant—what they believed in truth, and what they only believed in name—wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed. Differences, doubtless, would still remain, but they would be the differences of serious and thinking men, not the watch-words of angry disputants. The voice of the great Cross-examiner himself is indeed silent, but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice, more sacred than the divine monitor of Socrates himself, can still make itself heard; that voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us—"both hearing and asking questions." It tells us that with all those imaginary troubles wherewith we vex ourselves without inquiry, "it shall be like as a dream when one awaketh, so shall their image be made to vanish out of the city." It tells us also that for that fancied repose, which self-inquiry disturbs, we shall be more than compensated by the real repose which it gives instead. "A wise questioning" is indeed "the half of knowledge." "A life without cross-examination is no life at all."

IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING THE MEANING OF A WORD.

From Eckerman's Introductory Account of Himself.

It has been said that animals are instructed by their very organization, and so may it be said of man, that, by something which he does quite accidentally, he is often taught the higher powers which slumber within him. Something of the sort happened to me, which, though insignificant in itself, gave a new turn to my life, and is therefore stamped indelibly on my memory.

I sat one evening with both my parents at table by the light of a lamp. My father had just returned from Hamburg, and was talking about his business there. As he loved smoking, he had brought back with him a packet of tobacco, which lay before him on the table, and had for the crest a horse. This horse seemed to me a very good picture, and, as I had by me pen, ink, and a piece of paper, I was seized with an irresistible inclination to copy it. My father continued talking about Hamburg, and I, being quite unobserved, became wholly engaged in drawing the horse. When finished, it seemed to me a perfect likeness of the original, and I experienced a delight before unknown. I showed my parents what I had done, and they could not avoid praising me and expressing admiration. I passed the night in happy excitement, and almost sleepless; I thought constantly of the horse I had drawn, and longed impatiently for morning, that I might have it again before my eyes, and delight myself with beholding it.

From this time the once-excited propensity for visible imitation was never forgotten. And as I

found no other help of any sort in our place, I deemed myself most happy when our neighbor, who was a potter, lent me some outlines which served him as models for painting his plates and dishes.

These outlines I copied very carefully with pen and ink, and thus arose two books of drawings, which soon passed from hand to hand, and at last came under the eye of the upper bailiff, (Oberamtmann,) Meyer, the first man of the place. He sent for me, made me a present, and praised me in the kindest manner. He asked me if I should like to become a painter, for, if so, he would, when I was confirmed, send me to a proper master at Hamburg. I said that I should like it very much, and would talk of it with my parents. They, however, who belonged to the peasant class, and lived in a place where scarce any occupations were followed except tilling and grazing, thought of a painter only as one who paints doors and houses. They, therefore, advised me earnestly against it, saying it was not only a very dirty, but a very dangerous trade, at which one might break one's legs or neck, as was indeed often the case, especially in Hamburg, where the houses were seven stories high. As my own ideas of a painter were not more elevated, I abandoned my fancy for this trade, and put quite out of my head the offer of the good bailiff.

AN EARTHQUAKE SEEN IN THE SKY.

Thursday, Nov. 13, 1823.

"ONE time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room, I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he, to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place;' then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this."

I asked the good old man "what sort of weather it was."

"It was very cloudy," he replied; "no air stirring; very still and sultry."

I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake on Goethe's word.

"Yes," said he; "I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbor, 'Only listen, Goethe is dreaming!' But the duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe; and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake."

THE umbrella was introduced to Bristol about 1780. A lady, now eighty-three years of age, remembers its first appearance, which occasioned a great sensation. The color was red; and it probably came from Leghorn, with which place Bristol at that time maintained a great trade. Leghorn has been called Bristol on a visit to Italy.—*Notes and Queries.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

COMMERCE WITH AFRICA.

WHAT will Africa send to the exhibition of 1851? This question suggests another, which ought perhaps to have preceded it, namely, What do we know of Africa and its products? What information have we gleaned merely from the traders who frequent its 15,000 miles of sea-coast? We know that on the other side of the Atlantic and in the great continent of Australia a few enterprising Europeans—soldiers, merchants, missionaries, as they call themselves, buccaneers, adventurers, pirates, as others call them—managed in a very short time to investigate and exhaust whatever talent and capabilities the inhabitants may have possessed for mutual commerce upon equal terms; and have possessed themselves, either by force or fraud, of their territory and their persons, their bodies and their souls. In India, too, a population numerous and wealthy, but feeble from the physical weakness of some races and the moral disunion of others, has rapidly yielded to the rude demands of European adventurers, has acknowledged their supremacy, and has placed them, with the exception of just so much occasional resistance as serves to keep up military efficiency, in complete possession of an enormous territory. But it is quite otherwise in Africa. Here the European has obtained no permanent and extensive possession. A small, if not insecure, foothold is all that the most ardent and successful military nation of Europe holds on the north. That once energetic people the Portuguese still maintain an indolent nominal dominion over pagan districts of South Africa. Their successors, the French, the Dutch, the Danes, the Americans, and ourselves, hold posts on the east coasts. On the extreme south, our own property bears about the same proportion to the whole vast continent as the hand-strap cut in the hide of a rhinoceros by Mr. Gordon Cumming does to the whole of the gigantic quadruped attacked by that very keen sportsman. Africa does seem to fling the European from her with a most unquestionable disdain. From her wild deserts or her swampy jungles she dictates terms of peace. Long before and long after the Saltee rover became an object of terror to the readers of *Robinson Crusoe*, Christian Europe seems to have done most wisely when she left Africa uninvaded.

The imaginative and desultory reader of history will perhaps remark how much the European wars with Africa have been wars of opinion, principle, or sentiment. The unblest loves of Dido and Æneas seem to have generated the intense hate which characterized the Punic wars of the Romans. The followers of the Cross and of the Crescent waged their devastating wars on the uncompromising principles of religious hate. In our own day the slave-trade furnishes the principle for which war is made. Operations are modified, indeed, to suit the drab-colored opinions of modern times, and are carried on by an armed naval police force, very well disciplined, and, like everything else that John Bull is justly proud of, paid out of rates at which he very naturally grumbles. They do very efficiently the duty assigned to them, possessing that combination of energy and forbearance which, when shown by one set of men, makes Quakerism without martyrdom possible in another set of men. They are, moreover, and very deservedly, great favorites with the gentler sex, who, whether in Exeter Hall or in more limited areas, think with their hearts—

God bless them!—rather than their heads, and are more ready to make sacrifices in indulging a sentiment than in ascertaining a fact, and who cheer on with their smiles the brave men who guard their persons, their homes, and their prejudices.

But, leaving awhile sentimental and speculative generalities, let us return to the main question of the products of Africa. These we shall find accurately enough described in any book on geography as being gold, ivory, gums, drugs, palm and olive-oil, wax, woods, and, lastly, slaves.

But though all the articles here named as exported to other countries, slaves included, are only raw material, we must not suppose that this vast continent is destitute of arts and manufactures. The peculiarity is that their arts and manufactures are not prized by Europeans. Some of their productions have very great value, and even beauty, such as filigree gold, wrought ivory, and curious stuffs. But the value of such objects to foreigners is constantly decreasing, relatively at least to the pains expended in their production. They are valuable principally because they are rare and curious, and difficult to produce. As civilization advances and a high standard of comfort becomes largely diffused, mere rareness and curiosity are less sought after in proportion than actual utility and comfort. If a thing is really beautiful, or useful, or convenient, or luxurious, it becomes desirable to produce it in large quantities; art, and science, and capital, soon effect this, and then whatever value belonged to the rarity of the thing is lost. We see familiar examples of this daily in the reproduction of statues and carvings in a cheap material. The form is as beautiful as ever, the sum of taste and pleasure is increased by its frequent repetition, but the value of each individual specimen is diminished. So the curious products of African art, not happening to please for long together the general taste of Europeans, have never been in common use out of that country. But in the interior, where progressive science exists not, and where art also is stationary, there these products have still great value—they are not more easy to produce to-day than they were many centuries ago. All their rarity remains, therefore, over and above their intrinsic beauty or convenience. The shield of Achilles was convenient as a shield, costly in material, beautiful in design, and difficult of execution, and so, valuable beyond all other shields of all other heroes. If shields were used now, any house in Birmingham would turn them out, of the Achilles pattern, by the thousand, and sell them at the lowest remunerating price, till some other pattern became more worthy of general imitation. We must now measure the commercial dealings of Africa in objects of art and manufacture, by what we see of their productions in Europe or on the coast, or by what we think of their value.

The inland states of Ethiopia, more especially those of the Manding race, enjoy a supremacy in the manufacture and ornament of leather, which is freely admitted even by the Maroquins. So also in the peculiar construction and patterns of some cotton fabrics and embroidery in silk and wool, horse trappings, mats, carpets, waterproof garments, tobes, or outer tunics or shirts with wide sleeves worn chiefly in the Mahomedan countries of Soudan.

Their leather is as much esteemed and as costly as Russia leather is with us. In many of these things they rival and surpass the best-executed

specimens of the best manufacturers of Egypt or the Barbary States. Relative perfections like these are undisputed in those countries and their enhancement of the value of the article is a stimulus to possession, which still fans the embers of that great international intercourse for commercial objects which glowed so brightly in the best days of the Khalifat. This general spirit brought together nations whose border line is a desert of 1000 miles in width, and bound them in the great social compact which profit, from the mutual interchange of commodities adapted to the wants of mankind, is alone capable of forming and preserving.

Gold, ivory, musk, korkodan, or the horns of the rhinoceros, are in sufficient demand by the Orientals generally to allure to Ethiopia many strangers, who, being Mahomedans, commonly settle in Soudan, and become great travellers as well as merchants. Others of the sons of Ismael, fired with religious feelings, and at the same time with a desire for military adventure, form ghazies, or raids, on their own account, or take up the political or domestic quarrels of princes of the soil. These *Mahedin*—the word meaning soldiers of the faith, or knights-errant of religion—frequently become powerful and wealthy in the land, the owners of many caravans, and the virtual rulers of kingdoms. This was the case with El Kanemi, a mere Arab scheich, who, during the visits of Denham and Clapperton, swayed the destinies of Bornou in the name of its legitimate dynasty. Commerce being considered an honorable pursuit even for princes, and foreigners only being able to collect and ensure the transit of its materials to and fro in distant lands, it is these Asiatics and Northern Africans who stride over the soil of Ethiopia as its true lords, while the natives themselves dare not overstep the frontier of the town or district in which they were born, except in large and well-armed bodies. It is a necessity therefore of these people that foreigners should go to them, and on the Arab system, should administer on the spot to wants which otherwise must remain ungratified. A free intercourse of this kind does exist with Timbuctoo, Housa, and all the upper regions of Ethiopia.

The bare enumeration of the various articles of internal commerce would be tedious, and a description such as would create an interest in them would be difficult. Those Europeans who are best acquainted with them are also most convinced of their intrinsic beauty and value. But the real point of importance to us is this, that a desire for objects of taste and convenience does exist in the interior, and that the machinery for intercourse and transit, such as would suffice for the free gratification of that desire, exists also. The caravan system merely requires to be rightly understood and wisely used, to develop itself in these vast countries to an extent of which the truest estimate would seem quite romantic and hyperbolic to those unacquainted with the subject. An estimate, not of what might be, but merely of what has been, and of what yet exists, is difficult for those who have not personal and experimental knowledge of the character and pursuits of the Arabs or Mahomedan inhabitants of Africa.

There are African races who yield to no people in the construction of objects of local convenience and luxury. They are known to surpass others in certain fabrics which no European nation has yet succeeded in imitating. The Turkish cap or fez, the best of which are made in Tunis, is an example. The temper given to steel, especially among the

Tuarie tribes of the Sahra, is believed in those countries to rival that for which Damascus was so famed. Woollen garments, of certain peculiar textures, would at least bear comparison with the best of their kind manufactured by any other people. In the manufacture of perfumes they also excel, and they extract an attar from what they call the true yasmin or jasmine, but what we call the Arabian jessamine, which is far more precious and more powerful than the attar of roses. Much invention and ingenuity are shown in the chasing, both of gold and silver, done in Tarudant, Morocco, Rudana, Fez, Tunis, &c. The soap of Susa is highly and deservedly esteemed in the Levant. It is made with olive oil and "trona," evidently natron, or soda, from the lakes of Agadez, a district about twenty days south-and-by-west of Merzouk in Fezzan; from which district also comes the best senna. Salt mines extend to the very gates of Tripoli. The snuff of Baja in Tunis is of great repute; so is the tobacco of this and some other growths, as of the Zawan, behind Susa in Frikia, or Africa Proper, and the Matamata, or Mountains of Gabs, a town on the Minor Syrtis Gulf. This herb is not only used as an artificial luxury for man, but as a sovereign specific in the diseases of cattle. Wools, admitted to be of the finest merino textures, are brought from Cafsa, Tozar, Nafta, and the country of the Mezzab, south of the main Atlas of Algiers. It is used by the Persian and other manufacturers in their finest shawls and other fabrics. The carpets, or bed coverings, called *Bottonias*, are of extraordinary dimensions, as well as beautiful texture, and are highly prized by the Asiatics. The fabrics for the female toilet, only a special commissioner from Howell and James' would know how to appreciate or even enumerate.

The finest dates in Africa, or perhaps in the world, grow in various parts of the Jerreid, and are known by various names, of which Diglah and Horra are the principal.

The extensive olive forests, or orchards, of Tunis Proper, supply the fruit from which the purest and most tasteless oil is extracted by the *Darb el Maa*, or cold water process; but we generally get it only indirectly through France and Italy, where it is mixed with oil of inferior quality or make, and burdened with the cost of transit, of delay, and of customs duties, and sold under the names, which have become classical with our epicures, of Provence, Florence, and Lucca.

The country of Grenna, the Cyrenaica, is rich in forest and fruit trees, and in vast herds of cattle, sheep, goats, and camels. It is, therefore, celebrated for butter, honey, wax, and coarse wools for chairs and mattresses. A very good kind of date comes from the ancient districts of Augela and Jallou. Various other parts of Barbary yield produce of qualities considered to be the best of their kind. Such are hemp, flax, pitch and tar, coarse sponge, madder, saffron, sago, cummin, caraway and other seeds, hides, calf, goat, and sheep-skins, gums, feathers, &c.

On the district anciently known by the names of Barca and the Syrtis-Major, sulphur exists in most profuse abundance. We were famously laughed at, for disputing with the King of Naples about this commodity; there is plenty here to render us quite independent of Sicily.

Cotton has been raised successfully, from the best American seeds as well as Egyptian, in some of the waddys, or valleys, whose soils are fitted for

this plant. That of Gabs, and of the islands of Gerba and Kerkeni, at the extremities of the Minor Syrtis Gulf, would admit of cultivation to a vast extent; and nowhere in Africa could labor be found cheaper than round the whole 160 miles of this gulf.

The pistachio-tree, the fustic of the Arabs, and the banana, also flourish in the same localities. The almond and the fig are also excellent in kind, the former being superior in size to the growth of Susa and Morocco; the latter being the chief winter food of the Beraber Arabs, who have not got the date. The whole coast, from Cape Vada, where Belisarius landed, to Gerba, is a fishery, where beds in the sea, separated by palm-boughs, form the inheritance of families, and supply the principal food of the inhabitants.

The commerce of Africa, as regards imports, admits of being classified in four great divisions. The first is that of Egypt and its immediate dependencies, in which we share in some degree, and which will always have its own special importance, and its own special advocates. It is a country as easily and as often visited by the traveller as any other classic ground, and needs no further mention here.

The commerce of the Barbary States and the Cyrenaica includes Tripoli and Fezzan, Tunis and the Eastern Jerreid, Morocco, Fez, Suse, and Taffilat—in fact, the whole country, from the westernmost limit of Egypt to the confines of Suse and the Great Atlas, opposite the Canary Islands. This division includes a highly industrial population, agricultural, pastoral, and commercial.

Algiers, now a colony of France, being the focus of another system, and under different commercial restrictions, is not included with the other Barbary States.

The third division of commerce is that which prevails on the Atlantic coasts of Africa, mostly within the tropics, and which the European trader pursues, from the Senegal River to the Zaire, or Congo River, in six degrees of south latitude, and sometimes in the countries beyond that boundary, claimed by Portugal. These people are pagans generally, almost universally so on the coast.

The fourth is a commerce which prevails on the eastern coast of Africa, both in the Indian and Red Seas, from our colony at the Cape of Good Hope and Port Natal, to Abyssinia, including Mocarang, Sofala, and the coast of Mozambique, Quiloa, Zanzibar, (which is claimed as tributary to the Imaum of Muscat,) Malinda, and the countries south of the Red Sea. Most of these nations have hardly any manufactures of their own, but live on the produce of their flocks and herds. The Mahomedans, as usual, are more civilized. But they all exchange commodities with Arabia, Syria, Persia, India, &c.

Our business is principally with the second and third divisions of this commerce, or the Barbary and Ethiopian trade, in the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas. To the shores of these seas we bring our produce. Beyond these shores it is carried to the interior by the Arab. He is the wholesale pedler of Africa: he knows where his customers are to be found, what they want, what they will exchange or pay for it, what are his risks and expenses in conveying it; his chances of being overwhelmed in the sand, of perishing from thirst, or by the lance, and the gun or the arrow; the exactions he must submit to from the tribes, whom he must either defy or caress: these are the things

which he has to calculate day by day, while borne on his long land-voyage by his camel, his ship of the desert; guided, like the mariner, in the main direction of his course, by stars and land-marks, and, like him, in the intricate details of local importance, such as the existence of water and food, and the nearness of hostile tribes, by guides to whose pilotage he must trust implicitly, and for whose assistance he is willing in emergencies to pay almost any price.

Here, it will be admitted, are the materials for a great trade. In fact, a trade, that may almost be called great, already exists. It is, however, curiously small, when compared with what it might be, and when we remember how near it is to our own country, and that our produce is coveted, as eagerly as ever our manufacturers covet a market. The articles of import to Barbary are principally British manufactured cloths, of cotton, linen, and wool, fine and coarse, bar iron, steel, tin and copper in plates, nails, cutlery, brass pans, earthenware, china cups, and glass ware, mirrors, copperas, arsenic, alum, lead, silk, taffeta, damask, velvet, and brocades, spices, refined sugar, tea, coffee, India cottons, white and blue, (the latter for the tribes of the Sahra,) rice, and other things adapted to the respective countries of Barbary. The consumption of tea, however, is principally confined to Morocco, coffee being the beverage of the towns east of that empire, as far as the limits of Africa extend.

The trade with tropical Africa, on the Atlantic shores, is also a sort of desultory trade, in many instances conducted upon the principle of barter from town to town, and occupying considerable time. The imports acceptable to these races, who, it is to be remembered, are not Mussulmen, or rarely so, but pagans, are rum, cowries, beads, trinkets, white and blue cotton cloths, coarse woolen and linen ditto, fire-arms and gunpowder, lead, tobacco, brass pans, sugar, silver, galloon, cutlery, needles, paper, thread, plush, and velvet, earthenware, bottles, cheap looking-glasses, gin in cases, silk in thread, and some other articles of minor consideration, to which may be added old clothes, especially those of footmen and beades. In exchange for these commodities, the Ethiopian tribes will readily give whatever is desired of them—their gold dust, ivory, dyeing woods, gums, drugs, aromatic seeds, wax, honey, palm oil, bullocks' hides, Cassava, yams, and other provisions, or slaves if they be wanted.

What has been just described, moreover, includes little more than a long-shore trade. To open and extend this trade, where we give manufactured goods for crude produce, is surely an object of the greatest interest.

The quality of the African products is shown by the ready market they command in Europe. It is in quantity that this trade is deficient. With so vast a field, we ought seriously to consider why so little is cultivated. Are there any real obstacles to our trading largely with a population that may fairly be reckoned at 200 millions? This is the estimate of the Mahomedans themselves, but there are ample reasons for concluding that it is not excessive.

The obstacles to the navigation of the rivers are too formidable to leave any sanguine expectation that successful voyages, of a commercial nature, could be undertaken by Europeans up those streams. But the placing of factories on their shores, and entrusting of the transit department to Moslem Afri-

cans, of reputation, would be a means of introducing our produce copiously into the interior, and be the proper compensation to the African for the foreign slave-trade, upon which he subsisted. We have compensated the European, for whom the slave-trade is a sin. But, with all that may be hoped for in this quarter, it is the grand highways leading down from the north, and through the Sahra and Upper Ethiopia, upon which the greatest reliance should be placed; and as by land Caffila, the Arab could ease the camel of his burthen on the upper courses of the Koara, Tehadde, Shari, Ghulbi, Yeo, and other large rivers, the descent of merchandise, if needful, down those streams would surely be easier than forcing it up them.

Is there no way of making known to the natives of these interior states of Africa our peaceful desires to supply their wants in the greatest possible abundance, and to obtain a fair share of their custom for those commodities of ours which we can best supply? That in the friendly rivalry of nations, Great Britain would obtain, at least, a fair success, is proved by the fact, that the British name is often falsely assumed, and British marks imitated, for the goods of other countries.

We contend, not only that no serious obstacles exist, but that facilities of an unusual kind are ready to our hands, for an internal commerce of almost unlimited extent. He will be a wise and a worthy statesman who shall have the talent to discern and the skill to secure the channels which now wind, slender as mere threads, over this mighty continent. Yet, if he could see and secure these, commercial enterprise would enable him to fill them as they were filled in former days, when, by means of extensive caravans, the tide of healthy commerce ebbed and flowed with even pulse between the heart and the extremities of Africa.

The internal commerce of Africa has, in successive ages, enriched each nation that has governed it. It built the temples and cities of Egypt. It gave the Carthaginians the means of maintaining their fleets and armies of mercenaries. How they traded on the coast we learn from Herodotus and Sallust. Where they landed they piled up heaps of goods, and retired until the natives had examined them, and left a pile of gold beside them deemed equivalent in value. The Great Sahra was ploughed then, as now, by caravans, and the republic thus possessed itself of those riches which were beyond the grasp of the monarchs of Persia and Egypt. The Greeks, the Romans, and Vandals, seem in turn to have enjoyed some share of the trade with Ethiopia; but the remains of Roman garrisons, built to secure the passes, are seldom more than a hundred miles from the sea. The policy of these people was more military than commercial. In Africa they extirpated or enslaved the natives, and established their own soldiers on the soil. They held their African colonies as possessions, as we hold the Cape, or still more, as the French hold Algiers; and the colonies then, as now, were at first chiefly a riddance for the mother country. Indeed, the notion of its being possible to trade with a people without first thrashing them, is of a very modern adoption, but likely, some day, to be universal. Africa is a capital place for learning this; it is a most difficult country to conquer, very easy to trade with. There have been mistakes enough made on this subject, even within the last few years, to teach us much wisdom. It is agreed now—even, we believe, at Exeter Hall—that a

fleet of cruisers is not the best way of stopping the slave-trade, still less of bettering the condition of the negro. To teach the African that he has more valuable commodities to sell than human beings, it is admitted would be far better; but even in carrying out this sensible notion we have made one great mistake: we have tried to force commerce up the great rivers, and among the most barbarous nations. On the coast, and up the country, we have made treaties over a bottle of rum, with kings whose court boasted for its chief ornament a cocked hat or two, and some plush breeches. At an interview in Ashantee, a high native functionary wore an epaulette, and a very handsome one too; but where?—over a gold hand-bell at the bottom of the spine, “where the tail joins on to the small of the back.”

It is with the Moslem and the Arab, not with such men as these, that we should make treaties. A Hatti scheriffi would put England in friendly commercial relation with the whole country, and with Mecca itself. The caravan system, indigenous in Africa, reached its highest development under the Kalifat. The catholicity of the Koran exacted, and still exacts, the material duty of pilgrimage from all the widely-scattered followers of the Prophet. This catholicity animated each man, as merchant, soldier and devotee, and made him a traveller over thousands of miles. Our Great Exhibition is but a feeble imitation, considering the facilities which art and science afford, of what occurs every year at Mecca; and many times a year all over Africa, fairs and markets are held which attract and engage multitudes. The Moslem population is kept in a state of fluidity, which facilitates its being drawn by a mighty power of suction to Mecca.

There is another very remarkable point, not often considered in reference to the slave-trade. Domestic slavery is common enough among Musulmen. There is always a market for its victims. But a Moslem, when he makes a slave, does thereby a religious act. He converts him to the true faith. The word *slave*, as we use it, has no parallel meaning. It means a servant; and a servant again means almost a son. A slave becomes, in fact, the adopted son of his master.* No Moslem, therefore, will or can sell a slave to a Christian. The Christian who deals in this commodity fears not God nor honors his Prophet, and his fellow-trader in Africa is a pagan, addicted to rum, and plush breeches, and oddly-placed epaulettes.

Between two such dealers the negro is a mere chattel; but the Arab, in sight of an enemy, is animated by the most exciting feelings. The man who stands before him is at once an enemy, who must be conquered, or he will conquer; an unbeliever, who if conquered will be brought to the true faith; and a valuable piece of merchandise, who will reward his conqueror for all the risks he runs in obtaining possession of him. Still further incentives attach to the women and children of his enemy.

These facts and suggestions, this very slight sketch concerning a most important subject, lying at our very doors, yet neglected, like many other things still nearer, in favor of more distant objects, are worthy of the practical consideration of statesmen; and the present time is peculiarly favorable for action. The three quarters of a million spent

* “Abd” means “worshipper” or “proselyte.” “Ab-dee” means “my worshipper, the proselyte whom I have converted.”

annually on the African squadron—Liberia, her importance and her destinies, in connection with these views, warn us to defer their further consideration to a future, but, we hope, an early occasion.

From the Examiner.

Christianity in Ceylon; its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and American Missions; with an Historical Sketch of the Brahmanical and Buddhist Superstitions. By Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K. C. S. LL. D. With Illustrations. Murray.

It is very possible that those who have had of late to connect the name of the author of this book with nothing so frequently as with the political disputes and troubles of Ceylon will be somewhat pleasantly disappointed by its contents and tone. Christianity in Ceylon can hardly be the most Christian thing extant in that part of the world, if what has oozed forth of committee-disclosures concerning reverend, venerable, and right-reverend disputants, be not very greatly exaggerated. But that part of his subject is altogether avoided by Sir J. Emerson Tennent. His book is the book of a scholar, and a man interested in the civilization of the races brought under English sway—not in any manner the book of a polemic or a partisan. We have seldom read a more temperately written volume upon a subject which intemperance too often unhappily seizes for its own. It is excellent in style and arrangement, and even more so in its tolerant spirit, its thorough liberality of tone, and the views which are taken throughout it on the all-important subject of “secular” education.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent informs us, in his preface, that during a residence of some years in Ceylon he has devoted the leisure won from official pursuits to the preparation of a comprehensive work on that most interesting island, “its history, its topography, its capabilities, its productions, its government, its present condition, and its future prospects as a colony of the crown.” Of that forthcoming work the volume before us is a fragment, or rather an offshoot. In the plan which he had sketched out for himself, the religion of the Singhalese and the progress of Christianity necessarily occupied a prominent place; but as he proceeded, the interest so increased, and his materials so expanded, that, whilst they were too important to be thrown aside, they became at the same time too extended to form a subsidiary portion of the more comprehensive work—and hence their appearance in this separate volume.

Sir Emerson has cleared away a mass of fondly invented fable, as to the early establishment of Christianity in Ceylon by the apostles and their immediate successors; and whilst almost every author of modern date, who has written of Christianity in India, has been amusing his readers by speculations upon the antiquity of a church, which, on the supposed authority of Cosmas Indopleustes, has been presumed to have existed there from the time of Justinian, Sir Emerson, by the simple ex-

pedient of looking into the original text of this mediæval geographer, has suddenly dissipated the illusion by showing that Cosmas has made no statement to that effect—and that, till the Portuguese in the sixteenth century introduced the religion of Rome, the inhabitants of Ceylon had been uninterruptedly professors of the religion either of Brahma or of Buddha.

Of this remarkable religion, (of which so little, comparatively speaking, is known to Europeans,) and of its extraordinary ascendancy and prevalence throughout the nations of Eastern Asia—Sir Emerson adduces some startling facts.

The antiquity of its worship is so extreme, that doubts still hang over its origin and its chronological relation to the Brahmanical religion. Whether it took its rise in Hindostan or in countries further to the West, and whether Buddhism was the original doctrine of which Brahmanism became a corruption, or Brahmanism the original and Buddhism an effort to restore it to its pristine purity—all these are questions which have yet to be adjusted by the result of oriental research. It is, however, established by a concurrence of historical proofs that, many centuries before the era of Christianity, the doctrines of Buddha were enthusiastically cultivated in central India, and at a still later period in Bahar, the *Magadha*, or country of the Magas, in the ancient geography of the Hindoos, and whose modern name is identified with the *Wihares* or monasteries of Buddhism. Thence its teachers diffused themselves extensively throughout the Indian continent, and the countries to the eastward of it; upwards of two thousand years ago it became the national religion of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago; and its tenets have been adopted throughout the vast regions which extend from Siberia to Siam, and from the Bay of Bengal to the western shores of the Pacific.

Looking to its influence at the present day over at least three hundred and fifty millions of human beings—exceeding one third of the human race—it is no exaggeration to say that the religion of Buddha is the most widely diffused that now exists, or that ever has existed since the creation of mankind.

To the observations of Sir Emerson Tennent on the prevalence of Buddhism, we would just add the singular fact illustrative of its permanence—that every country and nation with whose history we are acquainted has changed its religion within the 1850 years which have elapsed since the birth of Christ, with the single and remarkable exception of those countries alone in which Buddhism is ascendant. What is there in the genius of the Buddhist religion to explain this striking fact?

Buddhism, as it exists in Ceylon, is a bold system of atheistic morality, asserting the eternity of matter, maintaining the absolute perfectibility of human virtue, denying the existence of a future state, and centring all the bliss of reward in the anticipation of annihilation. Its code of morals, next to those of Christianity, is the most perfect the world has ever seen; and, in consistency with the liberality of its theories of human exaltation, it repudiates the Brahmanical doctrines of *caste*, and preaches the absolute equality of every virtuous aspirant.

A chapter of Sir J. Emerson's work is devoted to a lucid sketch of the peculiar tenets and practices of the professors of this remarkable creed—and another to the national character and moral actions of the people, who for upwards of two thousand years have been living under its influences, and brought up under its imperfect tutelage. Both these chapters are admirably executed.

Another chapter contains an epitome, equally concise and important, of the doctrines of Brahma, and the forms of worship and moral status of the large section of the Tamil inhabitants of Ceylon, who are professors of that faith—and the rest of the work is devoted to a narrative of the results which have followed from the successive attempts to introduce Christianity by the Portuguese in the form of Catholicity; by the Dutch under that of the Reformed Church of Holland; by the British, in behalf of the Church of England; and by the several Christian Missions, each recommending the peculiar tenets of the Baptists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the American Independents.

The operations of each have been distinguished by the most opposite characteristics—the system of the Portuguese priesthood was that of fraud and corruption, assimilating the worship of the Roman Catholic ritual to the ceremonies of the Buddhists and Brahmans, (to which it presents many points of outward resemblance,) and purchasing professions of conformity by distributions from the treasury to needy converts to the true faith. The Dutch, on their conquest of the island, attempted to eradicate by persecution what their predecessors had insinuated by deceit; and by combined coercion and cajolery, they exhibited almost as many converts to Presbyterianism as the Portuguese had boasted adherents to Popery. The British, on their arrival in 1796, rejected equally both systems; they employed neither artifice nor discouragement; the ministers of all religions were left to the unimpeded exercise of their functions, and equally protected in their discharge; and the sudden result was one somewhat remarkable, though by no means to be wondered at:

The Singhalese and Tamils, accustomed as they had been for nearly two centuries to a system of religious compulsion, expected to find on the part of their new masters a continuance of the same rigor which had characterized the ecclesiastical policy of the Dutch. Under this apprehension they prepared themselves to conform implicitly to whatsoever form of Christianity might be prescribed by the new government. By degrees, however, they began to regard the withdrawal of compulsion to religious conformity only as evidence of religious indifference on the part of their new rulers; and they became still more firmly convinced of the justice of this conclusion on discovering that they were no longer to be *paid* for apostasy, and that a monopoly of offices and public employment was not as theretofore to be jealously preserved for the outward professors of Christianity. Almost with greater rapidity than their numbers had originally increased, they now commenced to decline. In 1802 the nominal Protestant Christians amongst the Tamils of Jaffna were 136,000; in 1806 Buchanan,

who then visited Ceylon, described the Protestant religion as *extinct*, the fine old churches in ruins, the clergy who had once ministered in them forgotten, and but one Hindoo catechist in charge of the province.

The defection among the nominal converts from Buddhism was equally sudden and sweeping; and those who continued to exhibit even an outward conformity to the reformed religion, practised *along with it* all the ceremonies of Buddha; and had no higher idea of the new form of Christianity than was expressed by their designating it “The religion of the East India Company.” To the present hour every district of the island abounds with these anomalous Christians, or, as they describe themselves, “Baptized Buddhists,” who profess equally both religions. They bring their children in crowds to be baptized by the Protestant clergy, because the registry of their baptism is legal evidence in the courts of law to establish succession to property. The whole of the details in this part of the work, as well as the reasoning founded on them, seem to us highly curious and important.

The Singhalese term for the ceremony (Baptism) is *Christianikarenewa*, or “Christian making;” but it is far from being regarded as anything solemn or religious. It had been declared *honorable* by the Portuguese to undergo such a ceremony; it had been rendered *profitable* by the Dutch; and, after three hundred years’ familiarity with the process, the natives were unable to divest themselves of the belief that submission to the ceremony was enjoined by orders from the civil government. Of baptism itself they have no other conception than some civil distinction which it is supposed to confer. If two Buddhists quarrel, it is no unusual term of reproach to apply the epithet of an “*unbaptized wretch*,” and when a parent upbraids his child in anger, he sometimes threatens to disinherit him, by saying he will “blot out his baptism from the thombo.”

Prodigious numbers of nominal Christians who have been thus enrolled, designate themselves “Christian Buddhists,” or “Government Christians,” and with scarcely an exception they are either heathens or sceptics. There are large districts in which it would be difficult to discover an unbaptized Singhalese, and yet in the midst of these the religion of Buddha flourishes, and priests and temples abound. The majority ostensibly profess Christianity, but support all the ceremonies of their own national idolatry, and more or less openly frequent the temples, and make votive offerings to the idol. The rest are alternately Christians or infidels, as occasion may render it expedient to appear; and in point of character and conduct they are notoriously the most abandoned and reckless class of the community.

Sir Emerson Tennent recounts an amusing illustration of this facility of conformity, which is by no means confined to the lower orders of the Singhalese.

A Singhalese chief came a short time since to the principal of a government seminary at Colombo, desirous to place his son as a pupil of the institution, and agreed, without an instant’s hesitation, that the boy should conform to the discipline of the school

which requires the reading of the Scriptures and attendance on the hours of worship and prayer; accounting for his ready acquiescence by an assurance that he entertained an equal respect for the doctrines of Buddhism and Christianity. "But how can you," said the principal, "with your superior education and intelligence, reconcile yourself thus to halt between two opinions, and submit to the inconsistency of professing an equal belief in two conflicting religions?" "Do you see," replied the subtle chief, laying his hand on the arm of the other, and directing his attention to a canoe, with a large spar as an outrigger, lashed alongside, in which a fisherman was just pushing off upon the lake, "do you see the style of these boats, in which our fishermen always put to sea, and that that spar is almost equivalent to a second canoe, which keeps the first from upsetting? It is precisely so with myself; I add on your religion to steady my own, because I consider Christianity a very safe outrigger to Buddhism."

For details of the system which has been found effectual by the various missionaries in Ceylon in overcoming this indifference, and inducing a firm conviction and abiding adoption of the great truths of the Christian religion, we must refer our readers to Sir Emerson Tennent's volume, where they are given with an evident absence of all sectarian predilections, and an earnest impartiality which entitles them to every confidence.

The chief result which they demonstrate is the important fact, that nothing but the *preliminary cultivation of the intellectual faculties by education and secular teaching* has as yet succeeded in India, in awakening that spirit of inquiry and that eagerness for knowledge which is indispensable for the displacement of error and the permanent substitution of truth. Preaching and reading the Scriptures, however they may render valuable service after the mind has been thus prepared for their influence, have been found delusive and ineffectual, if unaccompanied and even *preceded by intellectual culture*—and the experience of what is now in actual progress in Ceylon is as conclusive as anything that is passing in Ireland or in any other uneducated country, as to the practical unsoundness of those well-meant enthusiasts who would insist upon making spiritual instruction the only vehicle for secular teaching; whereas secular education, and the arousing of the torpid faculties by its means, has been shown by striking experience to be the only safe expedient at once for the introduction of Christianity and for its permanent retention.

Mental debasement is unfavorable in the last degree to the access of Christian truth. Christianity reveals doctrines of the loftiest sublimity based upon truths of the sublimest comprehension, and to induce their reception, but still more to effect it in substitution of ancestral delusion, implies an exercise of *thought* and an exertion of *intellectual power* which seems almost beyond the capacity of the lethargic Singhalese. There must be volition and effort in such a process, and not mere passiveness and plasticity; he that would "find" must first exert the energy to "seek;" and, looking to the reluctance and almost compulsion with which the

Singhalese can be induced even to listen, the task to an ordinary observer appears all but impracticable, to awaken their interest and excite the operation of reflection and inquiry by which the unwilling auditor may, in process of time, become the deliberate student and the convinced and reconciled Christian. Education is indispensable, not merely to prepare the way for the reception of the truth, but to lay that solid foundation which is essential to the stability and permanence of the structure. Where schools have never effected a single conversion amongst the natives, they have nevertheless served to diffuse preliminarily that general intelligence which is its surest forerunner; and even in this secondary relation their social importance is extreme. The objection to merely secular education may be so far well-founded that in insulated instances it may render the individual more accomplished as an evil-doer, and refine his sagacity for mischief; but education has never yet been productive of these effects upon a general scale—never aggravated the defection of a nation, or precipitated the general deterioration of a community; on the contrary, whilst ignorance gives eternity to vicious custom and perpetuates depravity, education, by arousing the energies and stimulating the improvement of the few, leads eventually to the enlightenment and social elevation of the mass.

Not only have the most civilized races been the first to receive Christianity; they are likewise the most enduring and consistent in retaining and preserving it in its pristine integrity. Neither history nor more recent experience can furnish any example of the long retention of pure Christianity by a people themselves rude and unenlightened. In all the nations of Europe embracing every period since the second century, Christianity must be regarded as having taken the hue and complexion of the social state with which it was incorporated, presenting itself unsullied, contaminated, or corrupted in sympathy with the enlightenment, the ignorance, or debasement of those by whom it had been originally embraced.

We earnestly recommend this plea for education to the attention of those benevolent masses whose annual munificence supports the multitude of British missions in every quarter of the earth; and we would as earnestly press the example of what has been actually effected by it among the dense and ignorant population of Ceylon, as a practical demonstration of the only sound process on which reliance can be placed to substitute Christian enlightenment for gross ignorance at home.

In urging this important truth, and supporting it by many striking and sufficient illustrations, Sir Emerson Tennent has done excellent service to the promotion of real education, and to the defeat of that bigot party in our English Church who are not more obstinately bent upon obstructing it than the Synod of Thurles itself.

ARRAS PASHA, the Viceroy of Egypt, continues to dwell in the desert, where he spends his time in hunting gazelles with the English deer-hounds sent out to him some time ago from England. Hassan Pasha, President of the Council, is virtually Governor of Egypt, and directs all the affairs of the country.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BISHOP TOMLINE AND THE BOILED HARE.

A PASTORAL INCIDENT.

NEAR a deep bay-window, in a large, low-roofed, and gloomy apartment, crowded with antique and cumbersome furniture, littered with books and papers, and studded here and there with faded portraits of eminent churchmen in their episcopal attire, sat two gentlemen, neither of whom seemed much at his ease.

The former—from his dress, a prelate—was a stiff, stern-looking personage, who spoke with an air of visible dissatisfaction, which in no way served to lessen the harsh expression of a countenance never handsome, and which now exhibited many of the deep furrows of advancing age.

The other was a gentleman, ruddy, good-looking, and rather jovial in appearance; but for the nonce, indisputably and inconceivably bothered.

"There are several points," said the bishop, speaking slowly, "on which explanation would be desirable; but on this, in particular—the sermon about the boiled hare."

"My lord," said the younger party, looking up in his superior's face with an air of the most good-humored but ungovernable surprise, "I never heard of such a thing. A boiled hare—boiled? I give your lordship my word of honor as a gentleman, that I never met at any table with a dish of that description. Never—never!"

"I'm not talking of dishes," said the bishop, testily, "but of sermons. You certainly have preached more than once recommending hunting and a boiled hare. I have had several letters to this effect. Recollect yourself, Mr. Yerbury: recollect yourself."

The party so addressed was a gentleman of the most marvellous activity. He was always ready to take *any* duty; in *any* direction; for *any* clergyman; in *any* emergency; at *any* notice. Distance to him was immaterial. The weather he never heeded. Roads were matters he at no time took into consideration, as his was invariably a cross-country course. Mercurial and active, Sunday was little of a day of rest to him. He was reading or riding from cock-crow to sunset! What varieties of psalmody did he not hear! What varieties of somnolency did he not face! And himself, happy man, marvellously exempt from fatigue! apparently at the close of his day's toils as fresh as when he commenced them. And such toils! To four distinct duties he confessed as his "usual allowance." But he had been known, on a pinch, to compass five; and there is a tradition extant touching one memorable twenty-first of June—it was, to be sure, the longest day in the year—when he undertook and accomplished six. "But that," he was accustomed to observe, "was an extraordinarily pressing occasion; *then*," he "must premise," he "strained a point!"

How he fulfilled these manifold engagements puzzled every brain but his own. And yet no one ever charged him with indecent haste in reading the service, or with unusual and improper brevity in his sermon. The former his hearers allowed to be unaffected, distinct, and dignified; the latter pithy, intelligible, and full of matter. The rock that wrecked him was his "cross-country course." The farmers could not be brought to fancy the speed and wind of his black mare, or to tolerate the short cuts he made to save her. Another short-coming

was his. He was singularly obtuse touching the law of trespass. He would ride, without remorse at right angles across a potato field; and dash through a little wheat-close with the most obdurate indifference. The tenant-farmers grew savage, and complained to the bishop. The prelate promptly seized an opportunity to call upon Mr. Yerbury for an explanation. His lordship observed, that, "putting aside higher considerations, those relating to the calm, and deliberate, and methodical discharge of the duties of the day, it was neither a seemly nor a satisfactory spectacle to see a clergyman racing from church to church; one instant in the pulpit, the next in the saddle. I cannot," added the bishop, "be a consenting party to such an arrangement; it must be discontinued, and forthwith."

Mr. Yerbury replied, in a calm and sorrowful tone,

"My enemies, my lord, malign me. I preach slow, if I gallop fast."

"Pray understand me," interposed the bishop.

"No complaint—the boiled hare excepted—has been urged relative to your doctrine, or to the mode in which the duty is done."

"That, my lord, is consolatory."

"But," resumed the bishop, in a pondering tone, "I do not see how the space can be got over, much more how the duty can be deliberately and efficiently performed. North, east, and west, do your engagements lead you. Thus, nine miles are to be ridden in one direction; five in another; eleven in another; and seven in another; and this in all weathers, and subject to all contingencies. It cannot be possibly be done—I repeat, it cannot possibly be done."

"Ah, my lord!" returned Mr. Yerbury, in a most diverting tone, a tone in which compassion for his lordship's ignorance, wounded feeling for the slight passed upon his steed, and amazement that the inquiry had taken this turn, were drolly blended, "Ah, my lord! you do not know THE BLACK MARE!"

The bishop, a stiff, erect, decorous-looking old gentleman—the muscles of whose mouth seemed rigid from age and study, and who had apparently long since ceased to smile—turned black in the face from his earnest but abortive attempt to preserve his gravity. Twice did he turn to address Mr. Yerbury; and twice did his habitual seriousness fail him.

At length, looking purposely away from that reverend equestrian, as if not daring to trust himself with another glance at his laughter-moving countenance, the bishop murmured, in a very muffled tone,

"You shall hear from me, sir, in a day or two on this matter. A letter shall convey to you my final decision. You shall hear from me."

Mr. Yerbury bowed low, and made a step or two towards the door, apparently with the intention of withdrawing; then suddenly reversing his course, he advanced towards the bishop, with the remark,

"My lord—I mean it very respectfully—but let us have the round out. Pens and ink never agreed with me. Writing letters tries my eyes—always did from a boy; and reading them bothers my brains bitterly. With your lordship's good leave we'll conclude the matter now. Having been out at the burst, I should like to keep my seat to the finish."

Again his lordship averted his face and busied himself among his papers. There was a convulsive

kind of motion among the muscles of his back. Grief the bishop, certainly, was not indulging, though he more than once assiduously wiped his eyes. After a pause, the speaker, carefully looking away from—not at—Mr. Yerbury, said,

"Have you, sir, a sermon—unfortunately I have mislaid all the documents referring to it—have you, sir, a sermon on a verse in Proverbs, which you are in the constant habit of preaching—a sermon in which the word hunting occurs with singular frequency?"

"A beauty, my lord," replied the other, briskly; "an acknowledged and admitted beauty all over the country."

"Do you remember the text?"

"*The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting.*"

"That's the sermon," said the bishop—"the offensive, objectionable, and oft-repeated sermon. I now express my wish to see it in manuscript."

"My lord!" cried the agonized Mr. Yerbury, "that sermon has been preached at W—st—ne, by an eminent dignitary of our church, to the great content of an admiring congregation, and to the special delight of the squire, his brother. Objectionable, my lord! It's an unmistakable sermon, and fit for the ears of the most refined lady in the land."

"I shall be better able to support or negative that remark after a dispassionate perusal," said Dr. Tomline, coolly.

"And that they call the boiled hare, do they?" ejaculated the younger speaker, with a face expressive of the most vehement indignation.

"It must be laid before me, and at once," returned the bishop, firmly. "The probability is I shall retain it; at any rate it must be preached no more!"

"My lord! my lord!" said Mr. Yerbury, with a piteous and deprecatory gesture.

"A positive promise to that effect is indispensable," said the prelate.

"Well, my lord, I submit," said the other, mournfully. "The discourse in question has done its duty. It could hardly hold together. I could have preached it blindfold. Now, its day is over."

"And our conversation," said the bishop, with a courteous but decisive gesture, not to be evaded or misunderstood.

Not so terminated Mr. Yerbury's regrets. They were lively, and long continued. "Bishops are awful beings," was his remark; "give 'em a wide berth while you can. 'T was but last week that young Bambury, finding himself at —, went to the palace to pay his respects to his diocesan. 'What may be your business, sir?' said the bishop, sharply. 'I only called, my lord, as a matter of ceremony, and to ask after your lordship's health, in person.'—Oh, how many duties have you in your church on a Sunday!'—'One, my lord.'—'Then go home, and for the future do *two*.' Imagine that young man's surprise and feelings at such an issue to his interview! And imagine *mine*, when called upon to surrender my pet sermon—my unexceptionable and treasured companion for twenty years—to hear it abused, and called to my very face '*The Boiled Hare*!' " A *sobriquet* which Mr. Yerbury retained to his dying hour.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SONNET.

You should not speak to think, nor think to speak;
But words and thoughts should of themselves out-
well

From inner fulness; chest and heart should swell
To give them birth. Better be dumb a week
Than idly prattle; better in leisure sleek
Lie fallow-minded, than a brain compel
To wasting plenty that hath yielded well,
Or strive to crop a soil too thin and bleak.

One true thought from the deepest heart upspring-
ing,

May from within a whole life fertilize;
One true word, like the lightning sudden gleaming,
May rend the night of a whole world of lies.

Much speech, much thought, may often be but seem-
ing,

But in one truth might boundless ever lies.

J. T.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT—CHINESE KITE- FLYING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

BEAR lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;

I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither main nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school;—
Not mine the scornful mood;—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though perchance the Cricketer,
Or Chinaman that flies
His Dragon-kite with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise,
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn;
But fill its evening path with flowers
As fresh as those of morn.

'T is something when the noon has passed,
To brave the touch of Time—
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime—
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart;—
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;—
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can!

From the Spectator.

SNOW'S VOYAGE OF THE PRINCE ALBERT.*

MR. SNOW is an Englishman, who for the greater part of his life has knocked about the world in various regions from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle; and though not by profession a mariner, he can rate any day as "an able seaman." When the less official expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin were planned as additions to those sent out by government, he hastened from America, where he was then residing, with the prospect of serving as a volunteer in the vessels under the command of the celebrated whaler, Penny. He was too late by a few days; but he offered his services in the expedition fitting out at Lady Franklin's expense, aided by public subscriptions, and was accepted. The *Albert*, the vessel purchased for the voyage, was originally built for the fruit-trade with the Azores, and was a fraction less than ninety tons—more resembling, indeed, the little craft in which the early mariners made their discoveries, than the goodly ships of modern days. She carried fourteen men, two mates, and Mr. Snow; who discharged multifarious functions, including those of store-keeper, amateur doctor, and assistant navigator, or a sort of combination of the master and first lieutenant. The *Albert* was commanded by Captain Forsyth of the Navy; and was primarily intended to convey a party to winter-quarters in the neighborhood of Boothia, in order to a boat expedition for the purposes of thorough search. The vessel had been strengthened for her Arctic voyage, and she was amply "found" by means of the fund and by presents from various quarters including the Admiralty.

So far as the voyage was concerned the expedition was successful. The *Albert* indeed experienced some of the usual delays and difficulties of Arctic navigation. She had a good deal of bad weather off Cape Farewell in Greenland, was sometimes delayed by calms, and sometimes impeded by ice. She however overtook all the other parties—Ross, Penny, the two American ships, and the government squadron; by one of the steamers of which last she was towed a long way on her voyage to Prince Regent's Inlet. One of the winter-quarters fixed upon was Brentford Bay, in the Inlet; but the *Albert* was unable to reach it on account of the ice. Other places, however, were accessible; but Captain Forsyth determined to return to England, and Mr. Snow approved of the decision. The reasons for this proceeding are not given; but they seem to have had reference to the state of the crew. The chief mate was somewhat advanced in life, and cautious even to timidity; the men, though active, daring, willing, and most of them thorough whalers, were not men-of-war's men, practised in

naval discipline, or subject to its laws; and so far as regarded naval officers, Captain Forsyth stood alone, for Mr. Snow held no nautical position. The commander probably thought it too riskful an undertaking to winter in the Arctic regions under these circumstances. He might possibly think that his remaining would be of little real use; and we think so too. In the voyage home the *Albert* proceeded Westward as far as Cape Riley in Wellington Strait, in about 76° of North latitude and 91° West longitude. In that vicinity she left part of the government fleet, the American vessels, and Penny's ships, all bent upon holding on as long as they could in the direction of the North Pacific. Two government ships were exploring in other directions; in addition to which there was the land expedition. For satisfaction's sake, a close exploration of Boothia and every other place would be desirable. *Rescue*, we conceive, can only be expected in the Northern Ocean, between Barrow's and Behring's Straits, or on the land stretching northwards from that ocean towards the Pole. If Franklin's crews, from whatever cause, had to abandon their ships, and take refuge on any part of the continent of America, they would most likely by next spring be beyond all human aid.

Mr. Snow's volume is an interesting narrative of an interesting expedition, made through new scenery, under new circumstances; for the meetings with various whalers, and with the ships engaged in the same search as themselves, give life to what is usually solitude itself. Mr. Snow is a rough and ready writer, not more measured in his expressions than he is in his exertions when called for, and somewhat given to pour out his thoughts. But his style is vigorous; and the scenery and circumstances are so fresh, so wonderful, and so exciting, as to justify reflection. The singularity of the sun at midnight, the alternate desolation and magnificence of Arctic scenery, the wonderful operations of nature by means of avalanche, icebergs, and almost perpetual frost and snow, are not so hackneyed as to pall; but there are newer things in Mr. Snow's volume, and one of them is steam-power in the Arctic seas.

The *Felix* was taken in tow by the *Resolute*; and, together, the whole fleet passed through heavy masses of loose ice and bergs to the north and north-west, at the rate of about four miles an hour. At eleven A. M. we came to a heavy nip, and all the vessels had to be made fast to a floe until a passage could be cleared. To effect this, the screws were brought into play in the manner I have previously alluded to. The *Pioneer*, Lieutenant-Commander Osborn, immediately on casting off the *Resolute's* tow-rope, was directed to dash at the impediment under full power. This she did boldly and fearlessly; rushing stem on, and fairly digging her bows into it in a most remarkable manner. Backing instantly astern, and then again going ahead, she performed the same manœuvre, fairly lifting herself up on end, like a prancing war-horse. But this time the nip was too heavy to be so broken, though both the steamers had pre-

* Voyage of the Prince Albert in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Narrative of Everyday Life in the Arctic Seas. By W. Parker Snow. Published by Longman and Co.

viously cleared many similar impediments in that manner. It was now, however, necessary to resort to other means; and, accordingly, parties from every ship were sent on the ice to assist in blowing it up, and removing the fragments as they got loosened. The same plan as that, I believe, adopted in blasting rocks was here pursued. Powder was sunk to a certain depth, a slow match applied, and at a given signal ignited. Due time was allowed; and then the enormous masses would be seen in convulsive movement, as though shaken by a volcanic eruption, until piece upon piece was sent in the air, and the larger bodies were completely rent into innumerable fragments. The steamers then darted forward, and with warps dragged out the immense blocks that had been thus dissevered. One of these blocks (more like a small berg than aught else) was brought alongside of the Assistance, while I was on board of her in the gun-room. It was hollow at the top, and contained some excellent water, which was conveyed on board to replenish the stock.

Several efforts had to be made by blasting and forcing the ice, before a passage could be cleared; and during the whole time it was quite a pleasure to see how both officers and men worked at it. Captain Austin himself was as busy as any one; directing, and handling, and unceasingly working. Neither falls nor a rough knock now and then did he care for; but maintained his post on the floes and pieces of ice until he had made a passage for his own ships, and the two little ones he had so kindly taken in charge. * * *

I had before made mention of the remarkable stillness which may be observed at midnight in these regions; but not until now did it come upon me with such force and in such a singular manner. I cannot attempt to describe the mingled sensations I experienced, of constant surprise and amazement at the extraordinary occurrence then taking place in the waters I was gazing upon, and of renewed hope, mellowed into a quiet, holy, and reverential feeling of gratitude towards that mighty Being who, in this solemn silence, reigned alike supreme as in the busy hour of noon when man is eager at his toil, or the custom of the civilized world gives to business active life and vigor. Save the distant humming noise of the engine working on board of the steamer towing us, there was no sound to be heard denoting the existence of any living thing or of any animate matter. Yet there we were, perceptibly, nay, rapidly, gliding past the land and floes of ice, as though some secret and mysterious power had been set to work to carry us swiftly away from those vexatious, harassing, and delaying portions of our voyage, in which we had already experienced so much trouble and perplexity. The leading vessels had passed all the parts where any further difficulty might have been apprehended, and this of course gave to us in the rear a sense of perfect security for the present. All hands, therefore, except the middle-watch on deck, were below in our respective vessels; and, as I looked forward ahead of us, and beheld the long line of masts and rigging that rose up from each ship before me, without any sail set, or any apparent motion to propel such masses onward, and without a single human voice to be heard around, it did seem something wonderful and amazing. And yet it was a noble sight; six vessels, varying in size, strength, and equipment, from the huge hull of the powerful man-of-war, to the humble and lowly private ketch—*—like varying in their build and sailing qualities,*

from the lofty three-master to the single-sparred cutter, acting as a tender to a schooner, but a size or two larger, square sails and fore and aft sails, pinnaces and barges, whale-boats and light-boats—with every new invention in the art of steaming to aid the one class, while late discoveries and useful plans were brought into use in gutta percha and inflated skins to aid the latter class—were casting their long shadows across the smooth surface of the passing floes of ice, as the sun with mellowed light, and gentler but still beautiful lustre, was soaring through the polar sky at the back of Melville's Cape, already on his way to begin the journey of another day.

Messrs. Searle of Lambeth gave, as their subscription towards the expedition, a gutta percha boat, which was found highly useful on occasion, the material yielding to pressure that would have stove in wood. The following extracts give an idea of boat work among the ice. The scene is Port Leopold, at the extreme north-east point of Boothia.

I soon made my determination; and directly we touched the ice all hands sprang upon the floe, and commenced hauling the boat up. To attempt any minute description of the difficulty we here encountered is beyond my power. The interruption to our free passage on the water consisted, not of a solid pack of smooth connected ice, over which we could have dragged the boat with comparative ease, but of numerous heavy floes, not entirely joined to each other by themselves, nor yet separated so as to leave any small channel of water, but so closely cemented, as it were, by very thick "brash ice," as to render the passage of boat or canoe impossible. Here and there one large piece was thrown upon another; and, occasionally, their partial separation left wide gaps of such a breadth that neither by jumping nor by taking a circuitous walk could we reach them otherwise than by the boat. And yet the boat was all but incapable to effect this; for wherever such a gap was presented the brash ice intervened. The explanation I have already given of this sort of ice will enable the reader to understand in some measure our position. Added to this, moreover, was the fact, that the rapidity of the current setting fast out of the harbor upon the inland swell of the sea, was causing some of the heavy floes to have a far from pleasant motion; now lifting themselves upwards for several feet, and retiring from their respective neighbors, and then suddenly springing forward as they descended close to their fellows. To be on them at such a moment was not what we cared for; but should the boat be between two of them at such a time, and we in the boat, there would be enough to look out for. However, the thought of these matters—explained here for the reader unaccustomed to the ice—gave none of us then much trouble. For myself, I had decided (confirmed in my decision by the opinion of the men, and their readiness to attempt it;) and therefore, heedless of danger or regard for self, we all "with a will" began our task. The boat was the only thing that we thought for; and never was child more tenderly handled than was the "gutta percha" by all of us that morning. Occasionally we lifted her when any hummocky piece of ice or other incumbrance presented an obstruction to her being dragged along upon her keel; then we would slide her carefully down into the "brash"

when too large a gap intervened; and the moment any of the floes appeared to rise or come too near, boat-hooks, ice-poles, and our own hands, were thrust out on both sides to guard her.

At first we had comparatively but little difficulty. Two or three pieces were got over, almost easily; but when we got into the thick of it, we thought several times we should not be able to get through at all. In the "brash" we could not make her stir, until some motion of the nearest floe caused a disturbance around and eased the density of the stuff that stopped us. When we were among the smaller pieces of ice, we could get no proper prize for our hooks and staffs to push her on; and at such times we had to spring out upon the pieces themselves, while they sunk below the water occasionally to our waist with us, and thus bodily pull the boat onward. At this work Wilson, with his accustomed daring, rendered himself conspicuous; and indeed there was not one of the crew who did not make self the last in his thoughts at such moments, and who was not in and out the boat with the lightness of a fawn each second it was required. When the pieces became too far apart, and the "brash" slackened a little, a vigorous "send" was given the boat, and then, each man, watching the opportunity, gave the last impulse with his foot, and threw himself on to the boat as the ice receded from him. Sitting on the gunwales and the bow, with feet over the side ready to jump on the instant, we next would come to heavier pieces, where again the process of hauling and carrying was resorted to; and in this manner for nearly an hour we worked, until at length we got over the worst portion, and came across to the other side, where some clearer water was ready to receive us.

The following description of American intentions, and the mode of navigating American vessels, gives a striking picture of the go-ahead habits of the people, and of the success which attends such rash or resolute determination, till it fails.

They intended to push on wherever they could, this way or that way, as might be found best, in the direction of Melville Island and parts adjacent, especially Bank's Land; and they meant to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. As long as they could be moving or making any progress in any direction that might assist in the object for which they had come, they meant still to be going on, and, with the true characteristic of the American, cared for no obstacles or impediments that might arise in their way. Neither fears nor the necessary caution which might easily be alleged as an excuse for hesitation or delay, at periods when anything like fancied danger appeared, was to deter them. Happy fellows! thought I; no fair winds nor opening prospects will be lost with you; no dissension or incompetency among your executive officers exist to stay your progress. Bent upon one errand alone, your minds set upon that before you embarked, no trifles nor common danger will prevent you daring everything for the carrying out of your mission. Go on, then, brave sons of America, and may at least some share of prosperity and success attend your noble exertions!

If ever a vessel and her officers were capable of going through an undertaking in which more than ordinary difficulties had to be encountered, I had no doubt it would be the American; and this was

evinced to me even while we were on board, by the apparently reckless way in which they dashed through the streams of heavy ice running off from Leopold Island. I happened to go on deck when they were thus engaged, and was delighted to witness how gallantly they put aside every impediment in their way. An officer was standing on the heel of the bowsprit, conning the ship and issuing his orders to the man at the wheel, in that short, decisive, yet clear manner which the helmsman at once well understood and promptly obeyed. There was not a rag of canvass taken in, nor a moment's hesitation. The way was before them; the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly or a long detour made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, they pushed the vessel through in her proper course. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow the officer sang out, "So; steady as she goes on her course," and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little barks nobly following in the American's wake; and, as I afterwards learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the "mad Yankee," as he was called by the mate.

This was the prospect from the furthest point that the Albert attained; and one so busy was never seen in that region before.

It was determined by the commander to go no further after twelve o'clock; for should we get round the extreme point of the ice nearest the land, it might, with the wind in its present position, at any moment set down upon the shore, and thus cut us off. Accordingly, a little before noon, I ascended to the mast-head, to take exact notice of all I saw at the moment of our bearing up. Our true position at that hour was about midway between Cape Spencer and Point Innes, having the ice within a mile of us, and ourselves about a mile from the shore. Looking to the Westward, I could faintly perceive Cape Hotham, enveloped in a thick haze, and the Assistance, distinguished by her gaff-topsail, apparently in a small "hole" of water, or else a "lead," some distance to the north-eastward of it, endeavoring to get there. Not far from the Assistance, and either standing in the same direction, or trying to make way through the channel, was Penny himself, in the Lady Franklin; her position was probably about mid-channel. Astern of him at some distance, in an easterly direction, was the Sophia, also under all plying sail. Nearer into the eastern shore was the Rescue, with the American colors flying, apparently, as our ice-master affirmed, "beset." All the vessels were among heavy ice; and the whole of Wellington Channel, as far as my eye could reach, appeared to be filled with one solid pack, excepting here and there a small lane of water. Turning towards Cape Bowden, I could perceive beyond it, and apparently trending to the north-westward, some high land; but the haze and distance was too great to enable me to determine with accuracy. Land, however, was there; but its continuance I could not make out, nor yet the entire connection of the coast between Point Innes and Cape Bowden; for it must be borne in mind that, even at the very truck in our vessel, I was perhaps no higher than the lower mast-head of a large ship like the Assistance.

I now moved myself round, and looked towards

the south-west. It presented the same appearance as I have already mentioned. The ice in one heavy pack presented an apparently impenetrable barrier in that direction. The only clear water visible was that in our immediate vicinity and in the direction we had come. I could see nothing of the Advance, and concluded that she was behind one of the points of land. I ought, however, to have mentioned that the Intrepid was also reported by the second mate to have been seen by him on the previous evening and this morning; and, as he possesses a quick eye, I have no doubt of it, though as I did not observe her from aloft I could not rightly give her position.

THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH AMID THE BODY'S WRECK.

A MEMOIR OF JOHN CARTER.

BY WM. JAMES DAMPIER, VICAR OF COGGESHALL.

[We here copy the whole of a handsome English duodecimo, excepting the engravings. The frontispiece, by Mr. Dampier, is a representation of Carter, in the act of drawing, with the pencil in his mouth. The other plates are a colored Butterfly, a Styrian Goat in line, and the Head of Rembrandt, the Virgin and Child, and the figure of our Lord in the same style; all exact copies of Carter's drawings.]

To the Memory

OF

JOHN CARTER,

WHO WAS BORN

ON THE 31ST OF JULY, 1815,

AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE

ON SUNDAY, THE 2ND OF JUNE, 1850,

IN PEACE,

"AN EXAMPLE OF SUFFERING AFFLICTION AND OF PATIENCE."

JOHN CARTER was born at Coggeshall, in Essex, of humble parents, on the 31st of July, 1815, and baptized on the 27th of August following.

He was put to a dame's school in Church street for some years, and afterwards, when about nine or ten years old, to the national school, where he remained until the year 1828, when he was removed into the endowed school in the town, founded by the charity of Sir Robert Hitcham. There he continued about two years.

During his boyhood, he was not remarkable for any particular talent. He was of quicker parts, indeed, than the generality of boys, and, as is too commonly the case, was more frequently in mischief.

The only sign he showed, when at school, of the particular talent which was afterwards developed in a providential way, and to a marvellous extent, as will be noticed by and by, was a disposition to scribble the figure of a man, a horse, or a bird, or such like thing, upon his desk or copy-book, when he should have been doing his lessons. But if during the whole of his time at school he was but little different from the general run of boys with whom he was brought up, showing small sign of virtue, he yet experienced, though unconsciously, the blessing of honest parents, who had more care for him than he had for himself.

When John Carter left the Hitcham school, he was put to work with one Charles Beckwith, at the silk-weaving trade, which at that time was a

more gainful employment than now, returning, after a very little practice, to a steady, hand twelve shillings or more a week.

In 1835, he married, pursuing his calling as a silk-weaver on his own account, until he met with the accident which was the turning point in both his character and history.

The good seed which had been sown in his infancy and childhood had as yet brought forth but little fruit. He was not altogether without respect for his parents, or care for those belonging to him; but his habits were very irregular, and his natural quickness, not being under the control of any fixed religious principle, exposed him the more to temptation. Some of his fellow-workmen, and not the best, became the companions of his leisure, or, as it seems, idle hours. The excitement of wild mirth and rambling adventure had often more power with him than the quiet of his own home. He was, like most of the youth of our own and every day, impatient of restraint; and it pleased God, in His wisdom and love, as the subject of this memoir thankfully acknowledged, to cast him down, and bind him with invisible cords, that he might be free indeed. Carter was accustomed to spend much of his earnings, and much of his time, at the public house—a certain sign of a depraved condition, and of readiness for mischief. He neglected the religious observance of the Lord's day, often wandering about the fields with evil companions, instead of going to church.

It chanced, as the phrase is, that he and some of his companions, one Saturday night in the month of May, 1836, were attracted to the rookery at Holfield Grange, and John Carter, forward in the evil enterprise, ascended first one of the tall trees in search of birds. When he had reached a height of about forty feet from the ground, the limb of another tree, to which he is said to have been crossing, yielded more than was calculated upon, or deceived him by its distance; he missed his hold, and fell to the earth upon his back. He was taken up senseless, and from that time never moved hand or foot. He was conveyed home to his wife on Sunday morning, upon a hurdle, by his miserable and affrighted companions; medical assistance was procured, and relief was afforded, for the recovery of his senses; but a serious injury to the spine had deprived him of all power of voluntary motion below the neck; the mischief, which was at the fifth, sixth, and seventh vertebrae, paralyzed the whole body downwards, and was such that death might be expected to ensue in a few days. Still he lived; but the paralysis was perpetual. The muscular power of the neck was retained, no permanent mischief sustained by the organs of the head, and the faculties were unimpaired; and if to this is added a very slight power of motion in the chest and the left shoulder, we have all the muscular power which was left to John Carter by his accident.

For a while the poor fellow was filled with distress for his physical condition, and with shame and vexation for the whole event; but to this succeeded, by and by, a time of reflection upon his state *spiritually*, and upon the great purpose hid under this chastisement. The wanderer had been struck down by the unseen hand which was to bring him home again. And now the seeds of grace, early sown, cleared of those evil habits which, as rank weeds, kept them down unproductive, and fostered by the ministrations of the then vicar of the parish, the Rev. A. C. J. Wallace, and the warnings and coun-

sels of afflicted parents, had room and encouragement, under the favoring circumstances of this bodily mischief, to spring up and bear fruit.

The sympathy of all was excited for the poor fellow; no efforts were wanting to do him service; relief for the body was freely offered, and amusement for the mind, as well as instruction and consolation for the spirit. The very anxiety which seems to have prevailed for his spiritual improvement was, in its exhibition, almost enough to perplex. Members of religious communions, with which he was in no way connected, (no doubt in a spirit of charity,) offered their guidance, and promised him rest, but as if held by the power of the principles he had first learned, but by his manner of living had seemed to cast away, he was steadfast, and content with the help of his own rightful pastor, and the ministrations of the church.

He had never altogether laid aside the practice of private prayer, but now he became more regular and earnest, and read the Scriptures frequently, but seems to have found his great strength and comfort in the use of the 119th Psalm, which he would read and ponder over continually.

About six weeks after the accident, John Carter and his wife were received into his father's house, for the sake of economy, and that his friends might the better attend upon him; and, at the end of several weeks, he told his father that he had suffered very much in spirit for some time past, having endured a sharp conflict, but that now it was over, and the battle he believed was won. His return to God had been resisted by the tempter, but, it would seem, without success. The chastisement of his Heavenly Father had weaned him from sin, and brought him to seek his treasure in heaven. Doubtless it cost him something to put away old thoughts, and get rid of old companions, and turn himself round resolutely in quest of the true riches; but his energy of character remained, and taking only a new direction carried him forward towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of his being. The grace of God wrought in him a strong desire after forgiveness and peace, and ultimately crowned his efforts (we may well hope) with success. When he began to see clearly his own faults, he began in faithfulness to tell his companions in sin of theirs. This, however, as is commonly the case, was to them a signal to fall off from coming to see him. But his course was onward, and he had no rest until he had truly turned to God, and in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper his pardon was sealed, and he was fed with the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of his Saviour, Jesus Christ. From that time there is reason to believe that his heart was given to the one great work that was before him—even the salvation of his soul.

We return now to the earlier part of his long-protracted affliction, to trace the development of that extraordinary talent that was given him, and which, rightly viewed, appears to have been designed to promote the glory of God, and to furnish at once a new employment and a reasonable recreation for His servant.

The entire loss of the use of all his limbs cut off the sufferer from many of the ordinary recreations by which the tedium of long afflictions is relieved. This circumstance set him upon expedients to amuse himself, and called out the charitable contrivances of friends to afford him some pleasurable occupations. He was very fond of reading, especially biography; and one day read, in a little work which

his wife had brought home to him, of a young woman, named Elizabeth Kinning, at an asylum in Liverpool, who, having lost the use of her hands, had learnt to draw with her mouth; and it occurred to him at once that he might do the same. His energy was alive, and he began accordingly, drawing sometimes upon a slate, sometimes upon pieces of paper, pinned to the pillow, working first with a pencil, and afterwards with water-colors. The first piece produced in this way was a butterfly, of which a fac-simile is here given. The insect was caught in the room, a sixpenny box of paints sent for, and the drawing made forthwith.

This gave encouragement to proceed; and here it is fit to mention, that a lady, Miss Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, now Mrs. J. Bramston, then residing in the parish, whose interest in his welfare, temporal and spiritual, has never ceased, was untiring in her efforts to do him service, visiting him frequently, lending him books, doing everything in her power to alleviate his sufferings, and to encourage his singular talent, that it might afford him profit as well as pleasure. A good many small drawings of birds and flowers were done and sold for him at a shilling apiece. The difficulty, however, soon came as to what style he should adopt, whether he should copy colored drawings, or mezzo-tintos, or line-engravings, or etchings. He did, in fact, execute some pieces in all these various styles; but his peculiar talent settled upon line-drawing chiefly, and certainly his best works are in this style. His first work in this kind was a Syrian goat, which is here given.

His skill increased rapidly enough; and a very steady improvement might be observed in his performances, from the butterfly already noticed, to his last work, (in the possession of the Rev. T. Smythe Hill,) the Head of King Charles the Martyr, after Vandyk. His power and taste, however, as an artist, will be best seen in the unfinished head after Rembrandt, on the opposite page, and the beautiful drawing of the Virgin and Child, after Albert Durer. The exquisite grace of the latter piece will strike every draughtsman forcibly. It should be stated here that it has been judged necessary to give these examples of Carter's works on copperplates, as nothing less would do anything like justice to the beauty and delicacy of his touch.

The way in which he executed his work must be stated. The posture in which he drew was lying, a little on the side, with the head a little raised by pillows. A small, light desk, of deal, made under his own directions, was adjusted for him (as shown in the frontispiece); on this desk his drawing-paper was fastened with large, flat, brass-headed pins, such as artists and architects use for the same purpose. The drawing to be copied, if of moderate size, was set up between the drawing-paper and the desk, or, if too large for this, was suspended by tapes from the top of the bed. He never drew but in bed. He first sketched in his subject with a lead pencil, sometimes as little as four inches in length, which he held between his teeth. This done, a little saucer of Indian ink was prepared, and the brush was moistened by his attendant, and placed in his mouth. He held it fast between his jaw teeth, and by the motion of the head produced the most accurate and delicate strokes. He was accustomed to work with very fine hair pencils, (some almost as fine as needle-points,) about six inches long, which, by bringing the work so near to his eye, would manifestly much enhance the difficulty of the operation; and, considering how

quick the evaporation would be in summer time, and how impossible it was, from his position, for the color to flow to the point of the brush, when actually touching on his work, it will easily be imagined how troublesome an operation it must have been to him, and how much assistance he required; for the brush was always taken from his mouth, replenished, and replaced, by his attendant.

It is thought that it may be interesting to give a slight sketch of the desk on which he commonly worked, and of the brush and pencil he employed.

At times, in difficult subjects, when he was enlarging, he would have his paper divided by pencil-lines into squares; but without this aid, the precision of his drawing was perfectly marvellous. The skill with which he sketched in a difficult figure in pencil was perhaps even more remarkable than that with which he finished it in Indian ink.

He could enlarge or reduce with perfect success; nor was he a mere copyist, how wonderful soever in his case to be that; but he has taken several likenesses with success in pencil and in black profile. The figure of our Lord, in wood-cut, after Albert Durer, is given as having been drawn by Carter himself upon the block.

John Carter was singularly humble in the possession of his talent, thankfully receiving any hints which persons acquainted with drawing were inclined to offer. Comparatively few have seen him at his work beyond the members of his own family, and those who, like the writer of this memoir, knew him very intimately, and had access to him at all times. It was not that he disliked to be seen at work, but that the presence of a stranger at such times made him highly nervous, so that he dared not then trust himself with any of the more delicate portions of his subject; for a line or mark once made must remain, as he rarely ventured to wash out a false stroke in Indian ink; consequently, if visitors were introduced when he was engaged, he would usually stop, or betake himself to a knot of hair, or a mass of deep shadow, where little or no mischief could come from a few tremulous strokes. He was visited by many persons, but the writer is happy in stating that he escaped without any of that weakening of the character which so commonly follows upon petting; he fell not into that snare.

John Carter, obliging to all, and thankful to all, and ready to undertake any work that was required of him, was often a good deal tried by the tax now and then laid upon his talent and his good nature. Drawings were brought to him to be copied, not *fairly* within the reach of his powers, and not very pleasing to his superior taste. With the best intention of amusing him, and adding to his little means, drawings of a needlessly difficult kind were submitted to him, involving an enormous amount of work, yet producing *comparatively* little effect when done—such as elaborate, though sometimes poor, subjects, in mezzo-tinto, and miniatures in water-colors. Some would bring dogs, some cats, some foxes, and some pieces still less pleasing to a pure and refined taste; and all these in turn he would execute with the greatest care, when his own inclination would have engaged him upon some elevating subject—some fine head of a great and good personage, especially that of some eminent saint, and, more than all, a finely executed head of our Lord, because such subjects afforded the noblest exercise for the talent he had received, and furnished matter the while for holy and profitable contemplation.

Yet he was never, that the writer remembers,

known to refuse the most troublesome and unsatisfactory piece that he was requested to undertake. This was the effect not of conceit, but of the absence of it. He was often dissatisfied with such works himself; but, without regard to his reputation as an artist, he labored in a docile spirit to do what was required of him. But, as was intimated before, he delighted in a fine subject in line-engraving, and in this he excelled.

Some of his best works in this kind (and these will bear the minutest inspection) are in the possession of the Hanbury family, his great friends and patrons; of Mrs. Gee, of Colne House; Miss Martin Leake, of Marshalls; Mrs. Unwin, of Coggeshall; Mr. Bell, the eminent dentist; Captain Brownell, R. N.; and several of the clergy who have been successively in charge of the parish. But the most elaborate and beautiful of all his works which the writer has seen is "Innocence," by Hermann Winterhalter, in the possession of Miss White, of Highfields. Carter always considered this his best; and it is exquisitely beautiful. It requires, in short, the best evidence to believe that it is anything else than a first-rate engraving on steel. It may here also be mentioned that a drawing of John Carter's was presented to her late Majesty the Queen Dowager, through the present Bishop of London; and that one (after Rembrandt) is in the possession of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria.

John Carter's peculiar talent for drawing is noticed in a letter to the writer by an eminent artist, George Richmond, Esq., who took a particular interest in him, and personally assisted in endeavoring to bring that talent to bear upon a profitable multiplication of his works by woodcuts.

10, York Street, Portman Square, June 12, 1850.

My dear Sir,

I heard, a few days ago, with great regret, of the death of poor Carter; for, although I never saw him but twice, I could not but feel great interest in him, both as a man and as an artist.

I wish, while it was possible to have done so, I had made a sketch of his own (as it appeared to me) most beautiful face, for that would have interested both you and many others; but the time is past, and I have seen too few of his works to be able to form any exact estimate of his powers as an artist.

His power of exact imitation was extraordinary—I mean, it would have been extraordinary in one possessing hands to execute his thoughts with; but to see him, with his short pencil between his lips, executing, with the greatest precision and skill, intricate forms, and describing difficult curves, filled me with wonder and admiration.

I wish I knew more of his works, for I would then give you my opinion of them artistically; but I feel sure that *ordinary rules of criticism should not be applied to him*, who fought at such disadvantage and triumphed so nobly.

Begging you to excuse this hasty note,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your truly obliged and humble Servant,
GEORGE RICHMOND.

Till November, 1841, he was attended upon by Lucy Carter, his wife, but in that month she, having suffered severely for some time from a disease of the heart, was taken from him. His sister, Hannah Carter, then succeeded to the care of her afflicted brother, and became his constant attendant, ministering with exemplary tenderness and affection to all his necessities to the last.

Within the last twelvemonth, wearied a little, perhaps, with the monotony of his work, perhaps

feeling after fresh powers, he expressed to the writer a desire to try some heads in chalk. Some fine studies were immediately supplied; but Carter would first try his power upon an inferior subject, and the result was an admirable fox's head. He, after this, finished two fine heads, and then abandoned the style; possibly, because of an increased mechanical difficulty in working with chalks. For chalk drawings, to be clear, required, of course, to be on a larger scale than Indian ink drawings; then came the necessity for *considerable pressure*, to make the chalk mark; and there followed, also, the sensibly increased exertion of applying a hard unyielding tool to an enlarged plane surface by the mere motion of the head, by some unusual, combined, and difficult action from which he shrunk—not perhaps knowing exactly what the difficulty was, but simply feeling that it was great, and not compensated for even by success.

It ought to be mentioned in this memoir, that the subject of it was possessed, not only of the power of drawing beautifully in the way already described, but also, of that of writing well and most legibly with pen and ink. Two of his letters to the writer, which are singularly well written, and by the same process by which he was accustomed to draw, are here given in lithograph—the last, as containing his own account, in short terms, of his early life and habits, and the manner in which he was brought to his knowledge and employment of the gift bestowed upon him, for which he was so remarkable.

[The writing, as shown in the fac-simile, is rather feeble in character, but remarkably regular and legible; much better than ordinary *handwriting*.]

Dear Sir,

I thank you for the two Drawings you sent me as a present. I will see that the last you sent me shall be taken care of. I have not any drawings to part with at present. You wish me to write down a few particulars of my life. I am afraid I shall make very poor work of it. I will try what I can do, only I want you to be so good as to wait about a fortnight, as I have a drawing I should like to get finished. I am in no want of money at present. I had my parish allowance again, but I am happy to say I have given it up altogether. I think you will be glad to hear that I have a kind friend who will allow me a small sum of money weekly.

I heard a few days ago that you were in better health. May it please God long to continue you in the same.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your well-wishing,

Humble Servant,

JOHN CARTER.

Dear Sir,

In compliance with your wishes I have written down my name and age, &c., as follows:—

My name is John Carter. I am thirty-three years of age the thirty-first of this month, July, 1848. After leaving school, where I had been taught to read and write, and made some little progress in Arithmetic, I was sent to work at the silk trade. After assisting the weavers for some time, I was put to a loom, and learnt to weave in the figured branch; and, following the example of my fellow-workmen, I was frequently at the public house, and soon took delight in all evil and mischief. It was when I went to school that I first remember having an inclination for drawing; whenever I had a pen or pencil in my hand I was sure to be drawing in my books, or on my slate, and at home about the walls of the house. The manner in which I came to draw after I had lost the use of my limbs was as follows:—

Being fond of reading, I used to borrow books from my neighbors and others. My wife one day brought home for me a tract which gave an account of a young woman in some asylum at Liverpool who had lost the use of her limbs, and used to amuse herself by drawing with her mouth. The thought at once came into my mind that I might certainly do the same, and I could not rest satisfied till I made the attempt. My first piece was a Butterfly in water-colors. After drawing this way for some time I at last adopted the style in which I still continue to draw, which is to shade them after the manner of a line engraving.

Coggeshall, July 17th, 1848.

Dear Sir,

I hope your health is improving. May God bless you with all happiness.

I remain your

Humble Servant,

JOHN CARTER.

The remarkable physical phenomenon in this case may be thus described:

The nature of the original injury now appears, from examination, to have been a disturbance of the fifth, sixth, and seventh of the cervical vertebræ, which were thrust out into an arch, and the dislocation of the seventh vertebræ, by which the column of spinal marrow, without being severed, or perhaps even lacerated, suffered severe compression, such as to deaden completely the nerves of motion and sensation, yet not such as to destroy, or even damage, the nerves connected with the respiratory and digestive systems; for the functions of life were carried on for a course of years with but very little occasional medical assistance; in fact, marvellous as it may sound to common ears, the injury was of that peculiar nature, that a man may be truly said to have lived fourteen years with a broken neck, and to have acquired, during that time, the singular power of executing the very finest line drawings by the motion of the head, in the manner particularly described in a former part of this memoir.

Carter experienced no sensation of pain in his body or limbs. He might be severely pinched, even till the skin was discolored, without consciousness of pain in any degree; but he experienced considerable advantage and comfort, when his appetite for food was sluggish, or when he was suffering from exhaustion, in having his legs gently shaken to stimulate the action of his system.

There is not, perhaps, on record, a more extensive paralysis of the human frame than this of John Carter; and the perfect possession of the faculties of the mind, and the fair performance of all the functions of life, under these circumstances, and for a period of fourteen years, together with the successful exercise of an extraordinary mechanical power, immediately connected with the seat of the injury, will be an interesting fact to all students of physiology.

But there are, also, other considerations arising out of this case that cannot fail to strike the attention of the philosophical moralist. It is one of those examples (especially valuable in such times as these) which go far to show that the soul is a spiritual unit, and not the mere concord of numerous animal faculties; for all the moral powers remained unimpaired—nay, were refined and exalted by the loss of everything short of life.

Surely the fact that John Carter for fourteen years retained and even increased all his powers of mind and spirit, even when his body was well-nigh dead, may help to show how reasonable, as

well as true, it is to believe that the life of the spirit of man depends not upon the life of his body.

During the winter months John Carter was a close prisoner at home, amusing and improving himself by reading; for the light in winter time was seldom strong enough to enable him to follow his drawing with satisfaction, or for any length of time. Occasional conversations with friends who visited him, the reading of good and useful books, and his own regular devotional exercises, which consisted chiefly in mental prayer, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures—more especially the appointed lessons for the day—formed his chief occupation and delight in the winter; but when the summer sun shone into his window, he began to feel that he had been shut up, and longed earnestly to be out again, that he might enjoy the beauties of nature, of which he was very observant, and for which he had a keen relish; but, above all, that he might enjoy the pleasures of God's House, and take his accustomed place at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. It was an interesting and affecting sight when he was brought into church upon his couch (which was the body of his little carriage, so constructed as to take on and off) and laid in the chancel, where he could participate with ease in the sacred ordinances of the church. It was delightful and improving to look upon the fine intelligent countenance of this remarkable paralytic, in whom religion seemed to have wrought an unearthly calm, and that humble, tranquil, settled hope, which so strongly characterizes the devout members of the church.

John Carter had been a communicant, as already stated, almost from the time of his accident, but he had neglected the opportunity of being confirmed at the customary age. His habits, indeed, at that time, would have been an effectual hindrance had he offered himself a candidate. When, however, the Bishop of London (in whose diocese Coggeshall then was) confirmed for the first time in Coggeshall Church, Carter, justly valuing the apostolic ordinance, earnestly desired the imposition of the bishop's hands, and the prayers of the faithful for his growth in grace. Accordingly, in the summer of 1843, he received confirmation, and it was an interesting ceremony, as well to the beholders as to himself, and not the least so to the chief pastor of the flock, when he was called upon to go to the place in the church where the poor man lay motionless on his couch, to lay his hands upon him, "to certify him of God's favor and goodness towards him."

For some years the subject of this memoir was sensible of an increasing weakness of the chest. His winter cold and cough lasted longer than usual, and more caution became needful in planning for his going out, either to take his airings or to go to church.

In the summer time he would often be brought into church on week-days to join in the daily prayers, and was at all times a worthy example of reverence and calm devotion. The congregation in which he was wont to worship have to lament the loss of a continually-present, but wholesome memorial of human suffering and helplessness, and of a constant living admonition to patience and cheerful resignation. He rests, it is believed, in peace.

Scarcely had Carter begun to enjoy his little rides about the neighborhood, in the summer of the present year, than an awkward and distressing accident occurred to shorten his days on earth. He

was being drawn about on the 21st of May, Whittuesday, but thinking to give his sister, who was his constant watchful companion, the full enjoyment of a favorite walk on a beautiful day, he insisted upon her leaving him, and sent her home across the fields, while he was drawn on the road by a little boy whom he usually engaged for the purpose, and a relative who had come to visit him in the Whitsun holidays. He watched his sister anxiously, as long as he could, to see that she was not alarmed at the cattle, and, in the course of a few minutes, in consequence of the boy who was guiding the carriage down a slight descent, tripping, and losing his power, the carriage was thrown over, and Carter was seriously bruised and shaken by the fall. This severe shock to his whole system, it is supposed, gave an advantage to his old complaint, which found him this time without sufficient stamina to rally. A considerable quantity of extravasated blood in the immediate region of the original dislocation leads plainly to the idea just expressed, that the fall from his chaise, although not the immediate cause of his death, which was from pulmonary affection, very much accelerated it.

It will not fail to strike the reader as somewhat remarkable, that a fall should have been the occasion of his long affliction; and that after fourteen years of peril, in which, in the most utter helplessness, he had had to trust himself in many different hands, a fall should at last have contributed to his release. But a great work had been wrought between the two accidents, and this is the consolation.

The soreness of the bruises passed away, and for a time Carter felt as if he were recovering from the effects of his fall. But the great mischief was within, and he soon became sensibly worse. On the evening of Sunday, the 2nd of June, he expressed to the writer a persuasion that he should not continue long on earth; reassured him of his deep sense of past sin, but of his humble belief that his iniquities were pardoned and put away for the merits' sake of his Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Still the thought of the past, and the thought of sin only, was a pain and trial to his spirit. His repentance, however, had been sincere, his faith was firm, and his hope was fixed; and therefore he had the peace of the penitent. He had received the holy communion at church on Whitsunday, two days before his accident; and he should have been strengthened and comforted yet once again on the Monday, (3rd June,) but that he had run out his little span before it was quite expected, and on the Sunday evening, (2nd June,) about nine o'clock, was taken to his rest.

Himself a singular instance of patience, he prayed for patience; but when the period of his departure was close at hand, and he found himself entering into his last struggle, he prayed earnestly for help in the awful hour of death. "O Lord, have mercy on me!—help me through this misery, and lead me in the way everlasting. Help me through the valley of death, and pardon and forgive all my sins; and receive me into thy heavenly kingdom, O Lord, I beseech thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. O Lord Jesus, make haste to help me."

Thus he fell asleep, leaving to his aged parents and affectionate sister a good hope that his prayer was heard.

To sum up, in a few words, the character of this remarkable person. He was intelligent, inquiring,

thoughtful and refined; obliging, humble, grateful for the least kindnesses, which he would recompense sometimes with good words, sometimes with little presents of his drawings; steadfast of purpose, remarkable for his self-possession, notwithstanding a somewhat sensitive nature and a high degree of nervousness; charitable, reverent, and devout; but perhaps the most striking feature in his character was a singular patience in enduring trials, and in accomplishing his purposes. This energy of character may be traced more or less distinctly throughout his life, as far as the writer has been able to present it in this brief memoir; and one lesson to be learned from the case of this interesting person is, that many a character which appears to us daring and mischievous in a high degree, has in it those elements which, when brought under the dominion of grace, make it proportionably strong in all that is great and good.

The case of JOHN CARTER, which is exciting a just sensation in the medical world, as one of high interest to anatomists and physiologists, will be shortly given to the profession through one of the medical periodicals.

From the Examiner, 29 Dec.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA AND THE CONFERENCES OF DRESDEN.

At the present moment, when all the States of Germany are about to send their plenipotentiaries to Dresden to consult as to the future constitution of the German Confederation, it may not be uninteresting to recall to our readers what took place at a somewhat similar although far more important Congress, in 1814, at Vienna. If the sovereigns and ministers who then figured on the busy scene of this world's ambitions and intrigues have since been consigned to the dust, or driven from power by the execrations of those they misruled, the same interests are still alive. Although Schwartzenberg may bully where Metternich persuaded, and Manteuffel intrigue where Humboldt combined and reasoned; although Von der Pforden and Von Neaurath may grow angry and dissent, just as Wrede and Linden did before them; it is wonderful how true each state has remained to its policy, and how nearly the same hopes and fears are exciting them in 1850 as moved them in 1814. One great change, however, will be found to have taken place. Hanover is no longer the mouthpiece of free and constitutional England in German matters; and, if we mistake not, no other state will be found to fill her place as the stanch friend of German liberty.

The Congress of Vienna was summoned by the great powers which signed the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, with the avowed object of carrying out and completing the articles of that treaty. On the 25th of September, 1814, the representatives of all the sovereigns of Europe, and many of those sovereigns in person, met at Vienna. After innumerable difficulties and disputes of rank, precedence, order of proceeding, &c., the eight powers who had signed the peace of Paris, namely, Austria, France, Great Britain,

Portugal, Prussia, Spain, Sweden, and Russia, at last formed themselves into a committee, and determined to invite the other powers to consult only when they themselves were agreed on the principal points and the plan of action. The general meeting of the plenipotentiaries, therefore, was not summoned; but three committees were formed, in which the principal points of interest regarding the reërrangement of Europe were considered and determined on.

Our immediate business is with the committee on German affairs; but we must allow ourselves a word or two in passing on the territorial arrangement carried out with respect to Poland and Saxony, though this was the work of another committee. Before the meeting at Vienna, Russia and Prussia had mutually agreed to support the pretensions of the one to the possessions of the whole of the Duchy of Warsaw, and of the other to the absorption of the whole of Saxony. The committee consisted, in addition to the plenipotentiaries of these two powers, of those of Austria, England, and France. At the commencement of the congress, Lord Castlereagh presented a note, objecting in the most decided terms to the union of Poland to Russia, and declaring "that the desire of his court was to see an independent power of greater or less extent established in Poland under a distinct dynasty, and as an intermediate state between three great monarchies." As for Saxony, Lord Castlereagh declared that if it was necessary to sacrifice the whole of that country to Prussia, to indemnify her for the loss of her Polish provinces, he should not hesitate to make that sacrifice. "No sovereign had by his constant want of faith and tergiversations rendered himself less deserving of pity than the King of Saxony; and although," Lord Castlereagh continues, "I am not ignorant that there are many examples of public immorality of the same class, I know of none so flagrant." He concludes, that "as it is impossible to punish all, I should not be sorry, that, while pardoning the mass of the guilty, we should make an example of one of them for the sake of checking the course of calamity so intolerable."

This frank but not very diplomatic declaration, considering that every monarch except our own was open to precisely the same accusation, put the whole congress into confusion. Austria was willing to sacrifice Galicia, and even to consent to bring Prussia so much nearer her frontier, for the sake of establishing a strong power between herself and Russia. Prussia would not have been averse to see Russia removed to such a distance, especially with the whole of Saxony for a consolation; but France, while protesting her desire to see Poland restored, was too jealous of the proposed advantage to Prussia to act with good faith or consistency. The Emperor Alexander took personally the greatest interest in the question, and is said to have conducted much of the correspondence himself. No means were left unturned to change the determination of England. Preparations for war were even made on a large scale, and several treaties

were formed on each side, rather than give up the project first proposed. Nothing, meanwhile, could equal the cool effrontery and falsehood of the Russian pretensions. Nesselrode actually frightened the congress with an account of the Poles being anxious to rush to battle to enforce their union with Russia, and the emperor promised, in case of success, "a national Constitution for the Duchy of Warsaw." He also coolly offered "his intercession with the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia in favor of their Polish subjects, with a view of obtaining for them provincial institutions, which should preserve their nationality, and would give them a part in the administration of their country." How long will it be before his successor makes a similar promise of protection to Hungary?

The result was that France and Austria proved both but too yielding to the views of Russia, and Lord Castlereagh found himself not only deserted by his allies at Vienna, but ill-supported by his government at home. Ultimately the opposition made use of the cry of pity for the King of Saxony, and justice to his people, the latter having protested loudly against their incorporation with Prussia, and forced the government to send fresh instructions to their plenipotentiary on this point. The British Parliament too, ignorant and careless of foreign politics as usual, was more anxious for the abolition of the slave trade than for the freedom of Poland; and accordingly Lord Castlereagh was received on his return by the House of Commons with every demonstration of respect, although he had consented to the most dangerous measure for the future freedom of Europe which had ever been drawn up. In exchange he had obtained an inefficient provision for the abolition of the slave trade, which cost nothing to those who gave it!

The committee on the affairs of Germany was constituted on the 8th of October, 1814, and consisted only of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wirtemberg; the King of Saxony being still a prisoner, and therefore incapable of taking part; and the other powers being left out as less in consequence and too numerous for consultation. And if squabbles about rank, and demands for admission, had troubled the Great Powers, just fancy what a taking all the little German princes fell into when they found themselves left out!

On the 16th of October, Prince Metternich, as president of the German committee, read a series of articles intended to form the basis of the future confederation, and already agreed to by Prussia. As these articles were not adopted, it is not necessary to enumerate them. The 2d and 11th, however, are worthy of notice, as containing express conditions for the formation of constitutions in each German State, in which the *Minimum of the rights to be accorded to the people* should be fixed and guaranteed by the confederation, a greater extension being allowed to be given by each sovereign who should choose to grant it. Bavaria and Wirtemberg, jealous of the good understanding between Austria and Prussia, in

which they saw a diminution of their own consequence, had thrown every possible obstacle in the way to prevent the adoption of this common scheme. They had sought delay sometimes on one plea, and sometimes on another; and now both were agreed in protesting against any interference of the central power to protect their subjects against their tyranny. Their opposition called forth a note from the plenipotentiary of Hanover, which bears strong evidence of its English parentage, and is well worthy of record at the present time. On the 21st of October, Count Munster declared that H. R. H. the prince regent did not find himself "able to admit that the changes which had taken place in Germany since the revolution had conferred on the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg the rights of absolute sovereignty over their subjects; nor that the overthrow of the German Empire had necessarily caused the abolition of the territorial constitution of the states * * * But * * that a representative system had existed by right in Germany from time immemorial; that in many countries its organization was founded on especial treaties between the prince and his subjects;" and that nothing which had occurred since could have deprived the people of their rights. The plenipotentiary of Hanover therefore demanded:—

1. That the rights which from time immemorial had belonged to German subjects should be clearly announced.
2. That it should be declared that all territorial constitutions, founded on laws and conventions, should be maintained, save such modifications as may be necessary.
3. That it should be proclaimed as law that in those countries where no states had existed, but in which the princes desired to submit to all the measures necessary for the welfare of Germany—the consent of the states to the taxes should be necessary; that they should concur in the making of new laws; that they should participate in watching over the expenditure of the taxes granted; and in cases of malversation should have the right to demand the punishment of the public functionaries.

In consequence of the repeated obstructions and objections of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, however, this scheme was given up; and five months' delay took place before the committee on German affairs again assembled.

In the mean time the lesser princes, who found themselves excluded from the conferences, united together to consult and protect their own interests. Their desire was for the reestablishment of the empire under the house of Austria. They knew that in that case they were sure of a protector in the emperor; for, as they were individually too weak to injure him, they were still able, when united, to afford him powerful aid against the ambition of Prussia or Bavaria. Nor were other claimants for protection wanting. In 1803, a great number of independent ecclesiastical bodies, possessed of great wealth, and exercising sovereign power within their own domains, had been suppressed; and, in 1806, the remainder of these, together with many of the lesser princes and

counts of the empire and free towns, had been mediatized, as it was called, and absorbed into the dominions of their more powerful neighbors.

But Napoleon had by this time broken away from his island prison, and, on the 1st of March, 1815, again landed on the shores of France. The history of those wonderful days, in which fickle Frenchmen changed their allegiance and broke their promises so easily at the call to glory, and where they fought so bravely and died so nobly as to win forgiveness for their treachery, are too well known to need further mention. The Congress of Vienna still continued its labors, to which these events now lent a much needed spur. On the 23d of May, the German committee again met. The lesser princes were now all admitted to the sittings, and on the 2d of June, Prince Metternich laid before them a second series of articles for the constitution of the confederation. We will not attempt to decide whether the number of voices drowned the opposition of the discontented, or whether the approach of Napoleon at the head of an immense army encouraged a rare unanimity, but certain it is that by the 10th of June, they had not only all agreed to the constitution, but the mediatized prelates and princes submitted almost without a word to be stripped of their power and wealth, and a number of knotty points of rank and precedence were at the same time settled, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have kept all the courts of Germany in hot water for half a century.

It is not necessary that we should inform our readers how lamentably this constitution has failed to fulfil any great or good object. It has been made a means of exercising a kind of police surveillance by the larger over the smaller and more liberal states; it has been found efficient in checking the liberty of the press; it has been wonderfully active in silencing noisy students, and frightening learned professors; but it has proved totally incapable of opening trade between the different parts of Germany, of regulating communication, of introducing order into the weights and coinage, even of protecting the individual states from internal disturbances. With the exception of some of the smaller states, too, the promise of constitutions has been shamelessly falsified in every instance. Those very powers which are now the loudest in demanding the observance of the treaties of 1815 have been themselves the most guilty of their infraction.

In the invitation sent by Prussia with the consent of Austria for the conferences of Dresden, the old Diet is declared to be an acknowledged failure, and as incapable of acting for the welfare of Germany internally, as of representing her with activity and strength externally. The insufficiency of the constitution for its own protection in 1848 is cited against it; the German States are reminded how painfully they have complained of it; and it is announced to have *de facto* ceased to exist, though not a word is said of its formal and unanimous abrogation. But the confederation

of course remains in force, its dietal constitution only being gone; and it is on the ground of the permanence of the former that the states are now invited "to meet for a revision of the Constitution, and a reorganization of the German Confederation by means of a common union and free consent of all German governments."

Such are the avowed objects of the present conferences of Dresden. What subjects are likely to be taken under consideration, the probable result of their labors, and the position which England may be called upon to assume in consequence, we must leave for another article.

From the Examiner, 28 Dec.

FRANCE TO-DAY AND ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THOUGH calculated to strike an Englishman, whether liberal or conservative, with disgust, the state of France at present is nevertheless not unlike that of England through the greater part of the last century, when the first thought with all persons, from the mobman to the statesman, was, which family and which principles shall reign? For three fourths of the eighteenth century there was no policy shaped out, and no measures brought forward in Parliament, having regard simply to good or just government. The Protestant succession was the first idea of all the whigs and of many of the Tories; and foreign policy, as well as domestic development, turned upon it.

The French of the present day so far resemble the English of the last century as to feel that the dynastic question, that of who and what shall rule, is uppermost; and, like us, they are content to postpone to this all questions of liberalism, principle, and right. Nor are the dominant parties in France at present very unlike the dominant parties in England a century back. They do not indeed constitute an aristocracy, at least of wealth and birth; but they are an aristocracy of notables, of men who have wielded power, who know and monopolize its secrets, who have based that ascendancy on Parliament, and who, if counted, are few in number compared with the great body of the nation hostile to them. Were the votes of all Frenchmen polled to-morrow, a decided minority would be found to support the views of Thiers and Molé and the reigning clique; just as a fair election in the middle of the last century, with the people and the landed gentry Jacobites, would have soon upset the supremacy and the policy of Walpole. Still Walpole reigned, and his policy continued to reign after his fall, despite his unpopularity. And, however insecure the throne, absurd and wavering its foreign conduct, or lavish its home expenditure; however the interference of a Hanoverian king, bent on Hanoverian interests, compelled the minority to the most inconsistent and absurd acts; still the government went on, the nation prospered, the principles and the habits of liberty took root, and no period of English history is marked with stronger features of progression.

Let us hope, then, that the same may yet be the result in France: that freedom may yet take root there, little as it is at present prized; that commerce may be developed, small attention as is now paid to it; and that a stable government may be established, weak as is now the title of any, and wavering and faithless as are the projects and allegiance even of the most eminent men.

England, however, had one great advantage which the French want. The Protestant succession was a kind of pole star to which statesmen might steadfastly look, and on which in difficulties they could fall back with the certainty of a fair support. It is inconceivable, indeed, that the nation or its Parliament should have sanctioned the constant accumulation of debt, or even of the regular expenditure throughout the country, but for the ever-ready plea, the never-failing excuse, that the one was incurred, the other kept up, for the Protestant succession. The French have another Shibboleth, powerful too, but not enduring, and that is *Order*. *Order* means, to the industrious artisan, that he shall not be disturbed in his earning; to the shopkeeper, that money for usual wants will continue to be laid out; to the manufacturer, that orders are not suspended; to the landowner, that rents will still be paid; and to those in influence and power, that they shall still retain both, nor be made to give way to the ignorant and the upstart, born of an *emueute*. One must have passed through a revolution, and seen its mutations, to know the full force, the magic, of the word *Order*. Never did a public word express private interest with such concentration and emphasis. Scotch peers died for the Stuarts during the last century, and whig nobles risked their all for the Protestant succession. The French of the present day are ready to suffer martyrdom, so far as it consists in the utter loss of freedom, reason, and liberty, for *Order*.

Now this order-worship precludes conspiracy, forbids revolution. It is terribly in favor of the power and the prince that is. It is clear that the great part of order-worshippers would prefer, or rather would have preferred, an Orleans prince on the summit of their social edifice, as the deity of their constitutional temple. But as they cannot change or substitute one for another without convulsion, they appear doomed to be contented with the second best representative of their principle. Louis Napoleon, too, is childless, as is the Duke of Bordeaux. There are fanatics who see the will of Heaven in the future restoration of legitimacy by the natural current of things. And here, if accomplished, the resemblance with England would be happily complete, as with us the national dynasty unites all claims, reposing on them wisely without straining or exaggerating them.

Let us admit, in conclusion, that if the French statesmen of the day have so much of Walpole's position and instincts as we have intimated, neither do they want his great instinct, that of peace. That France and England had no interests worth quarrelling about was his idea, to which Pitt re-

joined—"None but colonial interests." They have now, however, not even colonial interests to quarrel about. And they seem to feel so. But though the foreign policy of England under Walpole was thus just to France, it was unfortunately meddlesome and foolish towards Germany; and so is France at present meddlesome and foolish towards Germany. The dominant parliamentary party in Paris would support Austria, that is plain; whilst the president expects more from the Prussian alliance. But the Thiers and Molé party think despotism beyond the Rhine much the safest for them to have, either as a neighbor or a future enemy. Very odd—the most despotic governments and statesmen in France, Cardinal Richelieu for example, supported the cause of freedom and Protestantism in Germany, mainly contributing to their triumph; while a republic in France lends the country to the maintenance of the great Roman Catholic and despotic power. So little do alliances depend on sympathies.

From the Spectator, Jan. 11.

THE RESTORATION OF 1851.

AFTER the Revolution of 1848, the one power which reassumes the rule of Europe is absolute military power. Of those governments that have been implicated in the movement, we do not descry one that has any other reliance. This week, we see Austria consummating her reorganization of Italy by sending back Radetzky. Hesse-Cassel—a state which has far exceeded any model in history, even our own model at the best times, or the French, in the perfect adherence to law and order when its sovereign rebelled—has been coerced by the swords of two of the greatest states in Europe, combined against that one small community. We are told that the same fate is reserved for Schleswig-Holstein. Even in republican France, the conflict of the bureaucratic intrigues which sway the majority of the Assembly, with the personal interests which actuate the president, results in elevating General Changarnier, a mere dragoon, to a dangerous altitude. It is important to note facts which indicate the actual state of advancement among nations, and have monotonous bearings on the future.

In all the cases to which we allude, it is not only the power of crown or cabinet which is restored, for they confess their impotency without the sword; it is not diplomacy, for that is the mere servile means to an end; nor is it absolutism, subsisting by the subordination of power under power; but it is the naked sword—as naked as the sword was in the decline of the Roman Empire. Still it is the sword of absolutism. The sole relation between the state and the soldiery is the one chief; and as the sword is by the facts confessed to be the sole repository of real power, the sovereignties of Europe virtually lie in the immense army which each monarch has organized. When it has grown to this size and power, the soldiery created by a monarch can scarcely be used except for purposes of tyranny; nay, occa-

sions of tyranny are almost necessary, in order to keep alive the spirit of the soldiery; it must at times be fed with blood, like the serpents that grew from the breast of the eastern king.

This great fact, so strikingly illustrated by the recent news, is momentous in the store of trouble which it implies for the future, but still more momentous in the barbarism which it indicates as still ruling the legitimate governments. Their implicit reliance on the sword is a confession that they have not yet learned the effective use of any better tool; it shows, therefore, that the legitimate rulers of Europe and their immediate coadjutors have not yet advanced beyond a very low stage in the science of government. Their inability to rely upon any other tool indicates *bad government*, in the sense not only that it is tyrannical, but also that it is ignorant, unskilful, and inefficient. It indicates a style of government which provokes resistance, not only by its tyranny but also by its inherent badness and incompetency—which is contemptible as well as odious. It is too little to say that such a government fails in preserving order—it rather originates disorder, since it must continually outrage the better knowledge and higher civilization of those who are subjected to it. Such a government will be unstable; it will incite resistance while it endures, and its endurance will become every day more impossible; for it is not to be supposed that Europe of the nineteenth century will indefinitely permit the government of the middle ages and of the Goths.

Anything more unreasonable than the position of Europe under the general restoration which is now taking place cannot be imagined. The principal nations of Europe, with all that a great nation includes of intellect, of living interests, and of latent power, have been prostrated and replaced at the feet of royalty; as if the world existed for the personal benefit of some half-dozen crown-capped individuals. Now, who are these individuals? One is Francis Joseph, who has sacrificed the promises of his adolescence and the hopes of his ranging himself among the notables of the Austrian family, to ally himself with the imbeciles of that divided house. Another is the representative of an energetic but coarse race, whose hereditary policy it is to debar Russia from the progress of Europe and keep her in Tartarian barbarism. A third is the King of Denmark, better known in the annals of scandal than in political history. A fourth is no better than that miserable culprit of Hesse-Cassel, a fugitive criminal who ought to have been placed in the dock, but is placed on a throne; while the state is brought, with a rope round its neck, to do homage at his feet. A fifth is Frederick William of Prussia, that crowned *reductio ad absurdum*.

This man is the Helot of royalty. By the accidental position of his birth, he has been endowed with a great taste for his plaything. In common life he might have passed as a well-meaning incapable; his aspirations, however dim, are not bad-hearted; he has his philanthropies,

and could dangle after Mrs. Fry, or moralize the trowel of ceremony at some stone-laying, with a lay sermon on religious harmony; he could hanker after being an Alfred the Great, and offer to his people the free municipalities which he could not have the heart to give; he could wish and weep, and you never could tell whether his tears were the sober effusion of deep feeling or the maudlin incontinence of habits weakening to the mind. Such is the man who is enabled by the accident of royal birth, and a position in the conclave of legitimacy, to delude his people with hopes, to call them forth in arms as if for a war of independence, and then to put them off with a hoax, which is at once a gigantic pantomime joke, an imperial swindle, a national humiliation, and an European calamity.

What can be the effect of such spectacles as these on the mind of Europe? Can you forbid men to think, or nations to act? Can anything so intolerable, so obsolete, so silly, be immortal? The great crash has been deferred, not superseded.

From the Spectator.

STATE OF MORALS IN JAMAICA.

SOME of the moral incidents which have been developed by the progress of the disease (cholera) are even more distressing than the physical injuries which it has inflicted. "With some notable exceptions, the heartlessness of the people," says the *Colonial Standard*, "has given pain to their best friends."

Not only have many of them refused even the commonest attention to the dying and the dead, but there are numbers who have speculated on public charity, and made money out of what anywhere else would have been considered the deepest affliction. We have heard, from various visitors among the sick, of husbands and brothers receiving pecuniary aid for the relief of infected wives and sisters, and as soon as the charitable benefactor had left, themselves departing with the charity that had been bestowed, leaving the sick to die without care, attendance, or nourishment, and leaving it to any stranger to discharge for them the last distressing offices. We have heard of a son wrapping his deceased mother in the mat on which she died, and laying the bundle at midnight before the door of a neighbor. We have known husbands refuse to place their dead wives in their coffins, unless paid for doing so. We are aware of instances in which half-a-dozen strong, healthy people in a yard have refused, one and all, to lift a corpse into a coffin, and have stood by with the coolest indifference whilst this work was being done by the gentlemen who were taking their morning rounds as a deputation of the Merchants' Society. We could name a hundred instances of this scandalous selfishness during the present distressing crisis; but the ingratitude of the people is perhaps scarcely less.

Some instances of ingratitude are then given; they lead the mind to another development of social disease—the practices of horrible classes who profit by the plague.

The greatest difficulty has been experienced in

inducing the sick to go to one of the hospitals. A rumor was industriously circulated among them, that to go to the hospital was certain death. It was said by some that the black people were being poisoned whilst the whites escaped; and we are convinced that many hundreds have fallen victims to this wretched delusion, from the nonobservance of advice and prescription tendered by those who might have saved them, although more have suffered from the total disregard of medical directions by heartless individuals who professed to be in attendance on the sick. We have the best grounds for stating that there is a low class of scoundrels in Kingston who have been industriously engaged, ever since the cholera arrived at its crisis, in preparing untechnical documents, which are designated "conveyances," by which the wretched hovels in the suburbs are transferred nominally by the parties in whom the fee had previously existed, but who had been for days and weeks dead of the cholera. These documents are signed with a mark only, and numbers of them have been taken about by persons who have offered to swear to their execution by the granters. On inquiry being made of them where the granters were, the answer has generally been, "In the Cholera Hospital!"—the truth being that the granters had been buried a fortnight.

Having so far lifted the veil from local disgraces, the *Standard* declares that it would be false delicacy to conceal facts at such a period, and proceeds to sketch some causes of the evils it denounces, with outlines that will startle the European eye.

There is no civilized country in the world in which such a state of social squalor exists as in Jamaica. In England, a servant is too happy to be the inmate of her master's house; indeed, she dare not sleep out of it without leave—a leave always jealously granted. In Jamaica, however, it is all but an impossibility to induce a servant to remain at night on the premises of her master. In England, a respectable servant-girl has no "followers." In Jamaica, the servant-girl is herself the "follower." She slurs over the work that is to be done for the wages she receives, and she starts off almost before the sun sets, to receive and cook dinner for the last paramour on whom she has fixed her affections; having stolen what she could from her master's pantry, or safe, to make her dinner palatable. It is this frightful state of morals that has led to the erection of the hovels that disgrace Kingston. There are few of them that are not focuses of moral depravity, leaving altogether out of the question their being feeding-grounds of endemic disorders from their filth and dilapidation. That means should be taken to destroy those seats of pestilence and iniquity, few respectable persons, who have been taught by the experience of the last eight weeks, will doubt; but it will be in vain to pull down present nuisances, unless some united step be taken to abate the moral nuisances which exist in Kingston. It would be false delicacy to conceal facts at such a period as this. The truth is, that virtue does not exist, save as a very rare exception, amongst the lower classes of the female population; and if there is to be any hope of re-

trieving them, it rests with the men of family in Kingston. No house-servant is employed in England who does not bring a satisfactory character for moral conduct. In Jamaica, a woman is taken who is confessedly without character. Such a woman cannot be expected to reside on the premises of her master, for she has other more attractive duties to discharge. No, she inhabits at night one of the hovels which we have mentioned—a building, if it can be so called, made of cashew posts, boarded with salt-fish boxes, and shingled with barrel-staves, which confers a vote on some worthless fellow, who lives on her wages and rejoices in proportion as she is enabled to pilfer from her employer. That this is no exaggerated picture, hundreds of our respectable readers in Kingston will confess.

A NEWCASTLE paper gives the following facts illustrative of the spread of intellectual culture among a large class of the population of its district. A bookseller recently had upon his stall ten copies of Emerson's work on Fluxions, all of which he sold at 7s. 6d. a copy to pitmen. He said they were by far his best customers, and that a standard mathematical work never lay long on his stall, being secured by them as a prize. On a subsequent day, at the same stall, there were three men; one bought a work on algebra, another requested a Greek delectus, the third was perusing a Spanish grammar. These men were all hewers of coal.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* protests against the barbarous practice on the railways of refusing to place lights in the third-class carriages. "Just fancy twenty, thirty, or forty persons promiscuously thrown into one of these carriages without a ray of light to enable them to distinguish one person from another, to facilitate acquaintance, or to while away the tedious hours during these cold winter evenings. Honest and dishonest, males and females, all take their chance together in the dark. To the thief and pilferer it affords all the facilities they could wish for; and the utter disregard to female feelings in this arrangement is scandalous. The danger to infirm and elderly people is also equally reprehensible. Persons who travel third-class seldom have large trunks, but more commonly a number of bundles and packages wrapped in paper or handkerchiefs, which they place under the seats. The difficulty of finding these in the dark, if the carriages be crowded, when the train stops, is considerable. A striking instance of this happened the other week at the Standish station, near Wigan. The train drew up; several had to get out; and among the rest an old man, who was so long in picking up his bundles that the train was again beginning to move off as he descended the steps, by which he was thrown down, and whether lamed or killed I know not, for all was in darkness, and the train resumed its speed as if nothing had happened. The expense of a little oil cannot be an object; but if the object be to drive, by these unbusinesslike arrangements, passengers into other classes, the effect will be that great numbers who would travel for purposes not absolutely necessary will stay at home, and the loss to the company, I doubt not, will be very considerable."—*Spectator*.

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